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THE MIRROR

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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CONTENTS.

THE MAKERS OF THE FAIR: Fourth Article. By W. M. R.	1
REFLECTIONS: Our Elegant Society—Roosevelt and the Cartoonists—Lehr—Archbishop Chapelle's "Failure"—A King Out of Business—Sister Teresa—The Steel Strike and After—Wells Against the Combine—South America—Friends of the Poor—Tammany and Reform—How the Farmer Feels—She Stands Alone—Muzzle the Naval Man—Trouble in the Trusts—Hon. Lobster Davis—Greek Letters at World's Fair—A Democratic Trick—At Pekin—Civil Service Reform—Kubelik—The Dockery Boom—Our Rapid Transit—Cervera's Cup—The Doom of Protection—Sonnets to a Wife—Our Friend the Sultan, Etc.	2-6
"GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE": By Austin Dobson	6
SOME GOOD SONNETS	6
GILBERT PARKER'S GREAT ATTEMPT: His Latest Novel, "The Right of Way." By George French	6
THE LOTUS FLOWERS: Poem. By Ernest McGaffey	7
BOOKS ABOUT BOSSSES: Political Fiction and Biography. By Percival Pollard	7
THE VELVET MASK: Facts About an Historic Myth. By Andrew Lang	7
MALTHUS AND HIS THEORY: It is Not Applicable to Civilized Nations. By Francis A. Huter	8
THE PREMIERE DANSEUSE: A Rivalry of Artistes at Dog-Rib.	8
SUMMER SHOWS	9
SOCIETY	10
WORLD'S FAIR TAX DODGERS	11
THEATRICAL OUTLOOK	12
THE STOCK MARKET	13
THINGS THAT WOMEN DO	14-15
	16

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

WHEN "Quo Vadis" first appeared in this country one of the first serious considerations of the novel was printed in this paper. The review was written "hot off the bat" and long before the romance had attained the vogue it knew later. Now that the vogue has passed, although the story's hold still persists in bad plays made from the novel, several old time readers of this journal have thought that it might be interesting to reproduce the early judgment put forth by the MIRROR. Accordingly, the issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS for August is devoted to such reproduction of the essay, entitled at the time, "A Neronian Novel." Whether the then judgment of the writer of the review has become the accepted verdict

of the reading public may be left to the determination of those who may care to look backward on the subject. The essay, it may be stated, hinted somewhat strongly that the novel, so far from being the glorification of Christianity that it was advertised as being, rather made the Christians the minor and less effective characters in the drama. It seems that some of the Christian clergy, later, suspected as much. Whether or not "Quo Vadis" be a world-masterpiece, it was at one time the most read book in the world and is still a steady seller at the stores. It may not be unprofitable, therefore, for some who are curious about such matters, to read a rapid and somewhat dogmatic criticism that appeared before the multitude "caught on" to Sienkiewicz's work. "A Neronian Novel" will be found to harmonize excellent with other critical essays on books and plays and poems that have been so successful in the series of MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are issued monthly. The subscription for twelve numbers is 50 cents. They are sold at this office, or by any branch of the American News Company, at 5 cents per copy.

THE MAKERS OF THE FAIR.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

SHALL we have a Director-General for the World's Fair? Those who appear to have "the say" say that we probably will not have such an official. These are wise men. Their opinion is not lightly to be questioned, and yet—they may not be wise in this particular matter. The Fair, they say, will be too big for any one man to handle. Still, Mr. McKinley handles a larger affair, so does Kaiser Wilhelm, so does Lord Salisbury. The running of a great Fair with department heads alone is possible, but the harmonizing of the different department heads, when each is as good as the other, is a delicate task and it can be accomplished more easily by one man, having a qualified authority over all, than in any other way.

It is a good idea to concentrate responsibility. If we are to have the Fair run by committees we shall find the system faulty and cumbersome and not conducive to harmony. We shall find responsibility kept in the air between one committee head and another, and each unloading mistakes on another while a few usurp the credit that may belong to some one else. To leave the Fair to be run by departments would be to leave the organization at loose ends and to find many things of importance falling unattended-to in spaces between the boundaries of the duties of regular committees. By dividing the work into departments the organization is not pulled close enough together.

There must be some one to whom the different department heads and committees must report, some one to prevent clashes of authority, shifting of blame; some one to pull the loose ends together, to hold the reins in one central authority, in order to check up one department, or whip up another. Every great enterprise must have a central head, a bank, a manufactory, a political committee. Such institutions are never managed successfully by the means which it is proposed to apply to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

It will be urged that the United States is governed by committees. That is true, but the Speaker of the House rules the committees, in practice, if not in theory; the Senate Committees are also controlled by the appointing power. One man viewing the work of all the different departments would be able to see how to fit the work of one to another, each to all. Such a man is as necessary to the work of the Fair as a General-in-Chief is necessary to keep control of the work of department commanders in an army.

The argument in favor of getting on without a Director

General is utterly unable to meet the objections to such a course briefly summarized above. The argument is bad, because the men who make it want to do the general directing. They want to hold the committees down or prod them along, to approve or reject committee action. They might do the work well, but they are men who, unfortunately, have enough other duties already on their hands to keep them busy. A Director General is, to my thinking, necessary. He is only a practical superintendent who must take all departments under his eye and make them work to the production, not only of fine effects in each department, but to a fine effect as a whole. This cannot be done by the departments each acting, to a greater or less extent, "on its own hook" and, according to the fault of human nature, coming to care very little about any or all of the other departments.

Some one will have to do the things a General Director would have to do. The Fair managers may call the man who does such work something else, but he will be Director General in fact if not in name. There is no getting along without him. There is no way of escaping payment of the salary he will and should receive.

The Makers of the Fair appear to have gotten a move on themselves, in the matter of publicity. They are getting into the papers something that the people can talk about and grow interested in. I would suggest to the gentlemen that provision be made for the proper treatment of newspaper men who may visit the city. They are the persons we need first to impress favorably. Their treatment decides whether they shall turn their pens into hammers or into trumpets, to toot our fame in golden notes into the ears of the people. It seems to be thought in some quarters that the provisions suggested here have not been adequately made, and that the means are not at hand to make every visiting journalist see things as we see them, and send them all away as most enthusiastic boosters. Mr. Secretary Stevens knows newspaper men through and through, but Mr. Stevens cannot do more than a thousand things at once, and he should be given a sort of Bureau of Felicity for the furtherance of the purposes mentioned as to newspaper workers.

In surveying World's Fair work thus far, it seems to me that mention should be made specifically of the work of Frederick W. Lehmann along the line of making a great ethnological exhibit. He has managed to interest the country in that feature. Mr. John Schroers has brought prominently to the front the educational department, securing in Mr. Rogers an exceptionally qualified head of the work. Mr. Alexander N. DeMenil in the department of history and archaeology has the work well in hand and has outlined a plan for such an exhibit that will be a striking object lesson in the specific meaning of the Exposition. Mr. C. H. Huttig is one of the strong men the Fair has developed. He is at the head of the Committee on States and Territories, a very important part of the project, and he has the machinery working excellently in the direction of arousing State and Territorial determination to make the best possible showing at the Fair. These are men and departments whose work already stands out conspicuously. They appear to have been among the first to formulate their purposes and to set about putting them into execution.

It is a very good plan for the heads of the Fair movement to do things in the East, to work up interest in that section, to emphasize that the East will have a local interest as well as a general interest in the Fair. The East is rather provincial and it doesn't take much interest in anything not under its own nose, and for that reason the transference of activity to places like New York and Boston, as in the conferences with architects, this week, is a good way to get the fact that we are to have a Fair before the people of that somewhat supercilious section.

W. M. R.

The Mirror

REFLECTIONS.

Our Elegant Society

POODLES to match one's gown are now the fad in Newport, according to Harry Walker's trustworthy paper, the *New Yorker*. It was started by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who appeared one day in Bellevue avenue, riding in an electric runabout; on the seat near her sat an ugly poodle, with an enormous bow of pink satin ribbon of the same shade as Mrs. Vanderbilt's gown, tied round his fat, wrinkled neck. The fad found instant favor and imitators, and now dogs of all shapes, sizes and breeds ride in state, each with a collar bow to match my lady's gown. Mrs. Joseph Harriman thinks so well of the idea that she has three leashed poodles always with her. Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, II.; Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. E. L. Ludlow, Miss Natalie Schenck, Mrs. J. J. Post and Miss Mahoney are among those who lead their dogs a society life. Such original, delicious, refined dears, those ladies of the Newport set! The depth of mind, likewise the breadth thereof, revealed in this important doing of the howling swells! Such taste and such feeling! Perfectly happy must be the life of the woman who can find pleasure in thus pampering brutes and leading them a society life. It's so fine, too, to have one's dog as conspicuous as oneself, to be distinguished by contrasting one's beauty with that of one's dog. Society of the highest sort must be very soulful when such elegant devices of fashion, as mentioned above, are resorted to by ladies to keep themselves from being missed by the public eye or gossiped about by the public tongue. It speaks so much for the character of such persons, for their personal worth and importance, when they can only attract attention by the decoration of their dogs. Out here in the West we know what to think of the large, loud lady who goes out riding in a victoria with her pug dog, but even she does not add to her peculiar and professional conspicuity by adorning the dog with her own colors. There was a time when a man wore his lady's colors as a mark of his devotion, but now the truly great lady has her color on her dog, and the association or contrast of ideas aroused by the sight in the beholder is not overpoweringly agreeable. And what veneration we must have for a lot of society persons who seek out the notoriety that is achieved by mention in such paragraphs as the one referred to. The "braininess" overawes us. The delicacy entrances us. The daring of the lady who has the three leashed poodles is almost divine. And the whole matter is so important. Ah me, what a great deprivation it is to all of us who are precluded from membership in such a high society!

Roosevelt and the Cartoonists

WHAT a blessing is Roosevelt to the cartoonists in these dull times! He is the only individuality that the scathing picture-makers can seize upon to delight the readers of the papers. The caricatures of Roosevelt are broad, but somehow they don't seem to get under his hide. The cartoonist up to date has done little but emphasize the Roosevelt teeth and the Roosevelt eye-glasses, and they alone do not make for the real effectiveness of caricature—that is the caricature of character. They are superficialities, as are the cowboy hat and the Western leggings with which he is usually adorned. The pictures don't get at the man at all, in the matter of exhibiting his weakness of record or of personality. Therefore they are ineffective in the sense that they do not successfully ridicule him for those phases of character which the people would dislike. The cartoonists make Roosevelt funny, but they don't succeed in making him contemptible. They have not been able to find in him those things the exaggeration of which gave mordancy to the caricatures of Blaine, Cleveland and Hanna. It is safe to assert that the reason for this is that the cartoonists have not been able to find in the Vice-President anything to which they could call the sort of attention that might develop into opposition. It might be said that the cartoonists are not effective against Roosevelt because they are inclined to like him.

Their attacks are directed at those things about him that are not essentially pertinent to his defects. They have made the best of his reputation for strenuousness, but not to so great an extent as wholly to make him a *Bombast's Furioso*. The cartoons are enjoyable enough, generally speaking, because of their action, but they don't seem to have anything about them that could hurt the man they assail. That means that the cartoon, as a weapon to discredit the Rough Rider before the people, is not doing the work that it was designed to do. His teeth and his hat in no wise discredit his personality or his public performances. The man Roosevelt is not open to ridicule for anything small or mean, or corrupt or sycophantic, and therefore, the cartoonist's pencil cannot be used to flay him for any of those qualities. He may or may not be nominated and elected President, but this quality, or lack of quality, in the work of the men employed to caricature him is a splendid testimonial to his worth.

* *

Lehr

THE wonderful Harry Lehr has been made the hero of a new play by Mr. Augustus Thomas, formerly of this city. The wonderful Harry Lehr is destined to a sort of immortality. He will live in stage annals on the one hand, and in literature on the other in the person of *Reggie Hart*, one of the characters in the recently finished MIRROR serial, "The Imitator."

* *

Archbishop Chapelle's "Failure"

ARCHBISHOP CHAPELLE'S mission to the Philippines is said to have been a failure. Exactly what that mission was, the men who tell us of its failure do not seem to know. So, maybe it wasn't a failure. The church question in the Philippines is not so bad as some crazy religionists try to make it out. Notwithstanding desperate attempts of trouble-makers to embroil the friars and this Government in a dispute, the dispute does not materialize. The Catholics who saw the danger of the Government destroying the church, have another look coming to them. The friars have not been suppressed, nor are they likely to be. They are to be let alone for the simple reason that they are, in the main, good men who will be useful in cultivating respect among the Filipinos for American authority. Those Protestants who thought they could already note the unholy alliance between the United States and the loose lady of Babylon have another think coming to them. The authorities have not got mixed up with the church in any way. They have kept the friars in their places. They have hauled some of the holy men over the coals for foolish words. They have found, it is said, a few bad friars, extortioners and such, and these have been made to know that the church cannot protect them. In short, the authorities of the United States have treated the church in the Philippines about as the church is treated in the United States, and that is treatment that not many church-members will feel called upon to condemn. It is possible that some of the officers in the Philippines see the absurdity of some of the evangelists trying to convert Catholic Filipinos to their creeds, and have not warmly approved of it. These officers are not to be harshly blamed if they have failed to enthuse over converting the Filipinos. Catholics, nowadays, at least, are not converted to Protestant sects. They go plump into infidelity, if they change at all. And the converts we hear about in the islands are, in all likelihood, just the men who belong to the societies for the extirpation of American rule. Rome holds the Philippines by virtue of centuries of work in the islands, among the people of all classes. The "advanced" islanders are generally those who have parted with Rome. At the same time they are those who hate the Americans and continue to make discord. These are smart men and they know the possible value of making connections with some of the evangelical churches from the fold of which they can fight Rome and at the same time make the Catholics sympathize with revolution through fear that American rule means the annihilation of the church. The church is inclined to accept American authority and it cannot be denied that such

an acceptance materially advances the work of pacification. Pacification being the first thing absolutely necessary to accomplish, it is natural that Americans in authority should look kindly upon all influences tending in that direction. So that neither bigoted Catholics nor bigoted Protestants have much to complain about in the situation. It is hard to see what mission of Archbishop Chapelle has been a "failure." He couldn't well have asked more for Filipino Catholics than American Catholics expect. He could not have failed to influence the church in the islands in this country's favor, since the Catholic press of this country, evidently acting on a suggestion from headquarters, are taking on, if they have not already taken on, a tone decidedly favorable to the United States' regulations for the islands, so far as those regulations have been made known. It may be that the church will not be allowed many of the privileges it was allowed under Spanish authority, but that would be good for the church, since the church has lost more than it has ever gained by its identification with the Spanish power. Official churchism and church officialism will be found responsible for much of the unpopularity of the friars, through its encouragement of monastic sloth, and it would be well for the church's prestige if abuses arising from such sloth and unrestrained power were all wiped out by the Americans. Still we don't know exactly what was the mission in which Archbishop Chapelle "failed," and until we know more on the subject it would be well to withhold more illuminative comment.

* *

A King Out of Business

CORN KING PHILLIPS is still trying to reorganize himself into speculative rulership, but the task is impossible. The grain gamblers will not now follow a man who has been a loser, and especially a man who, during his kingship, didn't know that his own book-keepers were skinning him on his own deals. Phillips appears to be an illustration of the fact that there is no genius in speculation. He has gone the way of Leiter and all the rest of the kings of the gambling game. The speculators don't last. Only the constructive, developing business man endures.

* *

Sister Teresa

DISCUSSION now raging about Mr. George Moore's depiction of conventional life in his novel, "Sister Teresa," is at fault in taking Mr. Moore's opinions upon that subject seriously. Those who have had any experience of the life of religious orders or any acquaintance with members of such orders, can only regard Mr. Moore's work as utterly frivolous and untrue. The exquisite art of the English Zola concerns itself only with the silliness he imagines in conventional life. As for his idea that convents anywhere are so idiotically managed as he makes out in his novel, it is simply absurd to all well-informed Catholics. When he describes the gradual deadening of brain in his heroine, until she has lost the will to escape, even when her desire seems nearest achievement, he evades the issue raised by himself. The heroine in a struggle between the spiritual and sensual phases of her nature, is left poised between the two. Mr. Moore did not dare decide for his imaginary character, but leaves her a helpless drift. When Mr. Moore gets away from his analysis of sensualism and attempts flights into spiritual mysticism he fails hopelessly. His problems are trivial. The struggles of soul he describes are struggles practically about nothing. No one is taken into a Catholic religious order for females that is in such a frame of mind as *Evelyn Innes*. No one is hastened into any of the orders. Instead, the greatest care is taken to make sure that no one shall get in who will not, in all human probability, stay until the bitter end. The orders are conducted with a very strong sense of the variation and mutability of women and the greatest precautions are taken to guard against the development, in any nunnery, of such things as Mr. Moore imagined in the cases of *Sister Teresa*, *Sister Mary John* and *Sister Veronica*. Those received are invariably well seasoned, their stamina proved, their certitude of vocation established. To be sure Mr. Moore is mostly concerned, in a sort of

The Mirror

3

subliminal way, with the mummer temperament in his heroine and it is the persistence thereof that he would insist upon. But the mummer temperament does not go as deep as Mr. Moore imagines and he unduly exaggerates it to account for his imaginings of what a passionate actress might feel in a convent. *Sister Teresa* is evolved from Mr. Moore's own consciousness. It is impossible to find any ulterior spiritual significances in the novel. To the editor of the MIRROR it appears that, as Mr. Percival Pollard has said, if Mr. Moore in any way intended by the book in question to forward the influence of the Catholic church he failed most disastrously. The work makes conventional life appear trifling, hysterical, useless and dull. In the opinion of those who ought to know, conventional life is none of those things. If a *Sister Teresa* were found in any well regulated convent of to-day she would be promptly put out with her disturbing intellectual and emotional frills and fritinances. Decidedly Mr. George Moore is at his best when dealing with the grosser passions. He no more understands the women of the convent, as they are generally found in the experience of those brought in contact with them, than the late Colonel Ingersoll understood the exalted, spiritual ideal. Mr. Moore's conception of the ascetic ideal is that it is nothing more than the other side of mere sensuality. He makes the convent reek with carnality. Not always straightforwardly does he do this. For the most part the thing is constantly suggested. *Sister Teresa* is constantly on the quest for a new sensation that shall satisfy her for the loss of the sort of love that she had from Sir Owen Asher. She never quite abandons the quest. At the last, when she stays in the convent, it is only as one worn out, with voice gone, with nothing left in her to allure her to the world. Such a woman is not an improbability, but it is highly improbable that in this age of the world, the wise old church that has been handling and judging women who have, or think they have, a religious call, for hundreds of years, would take such an one into one of its institutions. "Sister Teresa" is a work of art, but it is not so as to its view of convents and their inhabitants. It portrays a real woman up to the time of her entering the convent. After that the novel is chiefly interesting as an exposition of what Mr. George Moore thinks a woman might think and do in one of the orders. And Mr. Moore would never have thought the thing if Joris Karl Huysmans had not done it infinitely better in the French study of male asceticism "En Route." "Moore is Huysmans, without insight, and Mr. Pollard's criticism of "Sister Teresa" in last week's issue of the MIRROR, was, upon the whole, an eminently discriminating estimate of the work and its tendencies and its demonstration.

* * The Steel Strike and After

MR. SHAFFER'S calls for more men to strike are evidently not heeded. The steel strike does not grow as he predicted it would. The back of the strike is broken, and that without any violence upon the part of the armed retainers of the Steel Trust. Thus far the strike does not appear to have hurt anyone but the general public. The Steel Trust appears to stand the decline in its stocks very well and the strikers appear to be enjoying their rest. Only the man who wants to put up a building, the contractor and builder, the workers for the contractor and builder, are suffering by the paralysis of the steel industry. The steel strike is a failure. It has had, however, one amusing development. The newspapers have found a way to "knock" the strike without offending organized labor. They dare not say that the strike was unprovoked and foolish. They simply publish editorials to the effect that the steel strike is viewed with much pleasure by the foreign steel manufacturers, because it gives them a chance to wipe out American competition in Europe and, possibly, to put their steel in the American market. It is probably true, what the newspapers say, but the discovery must have been a godsend to those editors who want to hammer trades unionism and strikes, but dare not do so frankly and directly. The cry that the strike helps the foreigner has been effective to a great degree. It is a cry that conjures up racial and

national prejudice to do battle with "the brotherhood of man" and in that sense is not only an effective means of attacking union labor, but prepares the way for a powerful plea for protection in the next National campaign. The blow to trades unionism is a hard one. It is the invention of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and it is really laughable to see how gladly some of our anti-monopoly, anti-trust Democratic papers use the argument. It means the beginning of a war on strikes by employers. It means that the men with money in business are learning how to use the press without making the press do anything that will lose subscribers and, consequently, advertisers. Public opinion is being prepared for the great employers' organization all over the country, to fight trades unionism. The bosses are getting together against the employes and the next great strike that is brought off will reveal the fact that the newspapers will be with the people who are with the advertisers. Union labor has invited this result. It has tyrannized over everybody. It has threatened and coerced even the papers that have gone to extremes in catering to unionist prejudices. It has grown more arrogant in its dictation until all manufacturers and other employes of labor can see no future method of controlling their own affairs except an organization that will oppose unionism in the mass and in the individual. The manner in which the press and public have viewed the steel strike, either openly or impliedly condemnatory, should be a warning to union labor leaders that they are going too far in multiplying strikes for "recognition" of themselves and the discharge and tabooing of all workingmen not of their tribe.

* *

Wells Against the Combine

MAYOR WELLS, of St. Louis, is up against an obtrusive combine in the House of Delegates. The combine is against every measure that forwards New St. Louis. He will be justified in any action he may take to bring the combine to terms if he has to fire bodily every friend of every combinee in the City Hall. Mayor Wells has the nerve that is necessary. He has the people of the city back of him—that is, all the people who are not in sympathy with boodle and loot. A strong, firm stand against the gang will win, and, if necessary, the Mayor can issue a permit that will obviate the necessity of citizens paying for the passage of ordinances by the gang. The Mayor has it in his power to reduce the revenue of the combinees to the \$25 per month that the law allows, and cut off every dollar of shake down. He can "let out" every man appointed for a combinee and thus kill the influence of the latter among the people of his ward to whom he must look for political support. The Mayor may have to adopt autocratic measures, but better such measures than a continuance of the ignorantly cunning oligarchy in the House of Delegates. This city cannot afford to let a lot of fellows like those in the House combine run things in defiance of every demand of good citizenship and in opposition to every interest identified with the work of preparing the town for the World's Fair. The city looks to Mayor Wells with confidence that he will rise to the occasion and show what one man with an honest will can do to the discomfiture of a horde of political parasites and peddlers of their votes.

* *

South America

This Government interfered in Cuba to preserve peace. Why can it not interpose in South America and stop the squabbles between the alleged nations there and the revolutions that keep the Southern hemisphere continually in turmoil? It is not unlikely that, if this country does not put its foot down hard on the half-breed scappers, we shall find that foreign intrigue is at work to bring about conditions in South America inimical to this country's interests in the Isthmus of Panama, Nicaragua and elsewhere to the south of us. The Monroe Doctrine must some day be carried to its last logic. If we are to be the protector of the South American States from Europe, we must protect the States from their own anarchic tendencies. This may seem "advanced" doctrine now, but the time will come when it

will be a rule of action. As the policeman of this continent, Uncle Sam will keep the South American bad boys in order and suppress the disturbances there, just as he suppressed the Cuban nuisance.

* *

Friends of the Poor

THE Gentleman from Lincoln has bought another paper. Is he going to transform himself into a Trust, just as Towne and Hogg have "trusted" themselves in the oil fields? The Gentleman from Lincoln must be considerable of a plutocrat on his own account by this time, between the profits on his newspaper venture, and the fees for his lectures. The career of a pertinacious howler against prosperity seems to be one of the most prosperous of American activities. The Gentleman from Lincoln, and nearly every man who was with him, have coined their political hard-luck story into heaps of hard cash. His Wordlets, "Coin" Harvey, Col. Mose Wetmore, Charlie Town, J. S. Hogg, John Peter Altgeld, Senator Jones, William Joel Stone—they are all "on easy street." Tom Johnson isn't the only one of the tribe of reformers who has been laying up "the long green" while attitudinizing as the friend of the poor.

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Tammany and Reform

IT begins to look as if there was some chance for the success of the present movement in New York City against Tammany Hall. The Republicans seem willing to nominate a clean, independent Democrat for Mayor. If they will do that and will support the ticket at the polls. Tammany can be defeated. The split in Tammany Hall is wide and deep. The masses are tired of a boss who lives in England and returns to this country only when he needs more funds to continue his racing game. The revelations of the police department's blackmailing of vice are convincing to the last degree. Tammany has less newspaper support than it has ever had. The Republicans are popular, because Governor Odell has given the State a very good administration thus far. The Independents are less assertive of their determination to have their own factional schemes carried through than of their desire to get as much reform as they can compel the Republicans to concede them. These are all hopeful signs, but they are not calculated to inspire hope that Tammany may be permanently overthrown. Tammany is prepared to stand a defeat. It can bear with a few lean years, after the fat ones, all the time solidifying itself for the task of getting back into office. Popular indignation does not last, in New York or elsewhere. Tammany has stood many turn-downs, but it always comes up smiling, after a little, and grasps power again. It can lose this year and only triumph more signally three years from now when it will be backed by National Democratic sentiment. Tammany cannot be permanently defeated, because, when all is said, Tammany, through its leaders and its splendid system of organization, is close to the people who cast the greater number of votes. The organization, to a great extent, may be not unwilling now, to get rid of Croker and Scannell and the rest of the bosses, for the bosses have become too bossy and too rapacious for their own pockets, but when the "wolves" are shut out the organization will line up again. But, notwithstanding all this, a temporary reform administration will have good effect. It will show how Tammany steals and, in doing so, show how to prevent such stealing in future. A good, independent Mayor, elected at the coming election, may never be heard from again, but it is probable that the next Tammany man to be elected to that office will have to be a better man to win popular support than if there had been only a machine man in office. Every time a superior man is elected to office the standard is raised for a community and departure from that standard, by any party, is bound to result in defeat. If the independents and Republicans can win only once it will make Tammany more careful in future of the man it puts forward. While there are those who think that Tammany is no better now than it was thirty years ago, those expert in such things say that the entire system of loot has been

The Mirror

changed and that the quality of the organization is very much higher than it was under Tweed. After every defeat Tammany has made concessions to the reform idea and in that way it has gotten a little better, if slowly.



How the Farmer Feels.

THE American farmer is going to be all right. He may have short corn and long wheat, but the news from the other countries of the world is to the effect that crops will be so bad America must supply the demand. Thus the American farmer will get top prices, not only for the short, but for the long crop. The farmer will be satisfied for some time to come. While he's satisfied he doesn't worry about the people he always calls out to help him when he's in trouble. The dissatisfaction of 1896 has been transferred from the country to the cities. The farmer in 1900 was the conservative. He remains so, to-day, and he will stand by the conservative party. The indications are, that the farmer will stay Republican for some time, while the cities are most likely to go Democratic. The farmers can out-vote the city folks, and they will. There isn't much cheer for the Democracy in this, but it is a fact, and the politicians had better begin to wrestle with its bearings on events in 1904.



She Stands Alone

A HISTORICAL romance by Mark Ashton, with title as above, deals with the career of Pontius Pilate's wife, who, it may be remembered, told her lord, when he was about to preside at the trial of the Saviour, that she had been much troubled by a dream about that Just Man. That incident from the Bible is all the authentic foundation there is for the tale, but upon the few lines of Scripture that relate the incident, Mr. Mark Ashton has built up a truly wonderful exhibition of how not to write an historical novel. The tale is crude. It fairly bristles with the trite, conventional novelistic phrases. Its occasional homilies are flatter than dishwater. The color of the time is splashed about as a small boy splatters everything from his first box of paints. Bathos is the author's strong point. Apparently he knows something about life in ancient Athens, but he cannot make it live. When he tries to be graphic he becomes schoolboyish in his style. He writes rhodomontade on the slightest provocation, and a vault from the time of Pilate to the Twentieth Century is nothing to Mr. Ashton. He has heaps of incidents, but he isn't able to do anything with them. Some of them would be good if he could handle them at all, but many of them are faked from other classic romances and all are told with a woodenness of method that is exasperating. The story might have been made possible with even a little literary taste and skill, but, as it stands, it is worse than "When Knighthood Was In Flower." The latter is an almost ideal story-of-adventure badly done. Mr. Ashton's story is spoiled by his parrotting of all the old expressions ever found in a story of classic times. His heroine is a cheap imitation of Hypatia and when the author writes about the Saviour the result is always to make the reader want to laugh. The depth of badness of style could not further be plummeted. And yet, I imagine, that the publishers, Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, will sell many thousand copies of the book, for, in spite of its annoying commonplaceness of narration, the tale of itself has interest. The book is one of those that catch the money and make record sales. It is one that will make any judge of true literature damn Mark Ashton to the regions beyond which even Marie Corelli could not sink, try she never so hard. It is a thesaurus of phrases that were worn out in novels by Richardson, Fanny Burney, G. P. R. James and Charles Kingsley. Every expression that a clever writer would avoid is, in this book, just at the place where the practiced writer would throw epileptic fits rather than perpetrate it. When you've finished the book the thought may come to you that its banality is sacrilegious, but it's not. The author thought he was doing something fine for the greater honor and glory of many good things, when he was, in fact, writing something that would have been considered bluggy and crude and fumbling and im-

potent in style by the most enthusiastic reader of "the Old Sleuth series." The book's so bad, it would do one good to read it, if only those who can see the truth of such a paradox were to be advised, but one shudders to think how the Corelliacs, Hall Cainites, and the like will revel in raptures of bliss over Mark Ashton's elaborated atrocity.



Muzzle the Naval Man

WE must muzzle the naval man. Dewey, Schley, Sampson, Coughlan, Evans, Hobson,—all have gotten into hot water through excessive use of their mouths. Now comes Lieutenant Commander Rodney and makes a gallant naval reply to his wife's petition for divorce. He says he married her "because of the union of the titled families of Owen and Rodney in England many years past; and I was influenced by the fascinating memories of my youth. But this Margaret Edith Owen (see Burke's Peerage) came to Canada when a child, and was raised apart from the gentle conditions of her ancestry." Then this elderly naval man declares his wife has alimony on the brain and if she should ever bear a girl infant she will christen it Alimonia to commemorate the triumphs of her beauty and magnetism. Rodney says that his wife actions have been on the theory that a husband has no rights whatever, and that a wife is always to be supported to the utmost expense possible, and without her having a thought of keeping any vows or performing any duties or rendering any equivalent whatever. That is, marry a man, however kindly and loving and patient, and then at once throw off the mask, shirk every wifely duty and do nothing but slander, plunder, betray and ruin him. "Briefly," says Rodney, "this woman is a beautiful devil," and then he asseverates that he still dearly loves her though "she is possessed of an ungovernable and satanic temper." Later he return to the serious assertion that "alimony is simply a standing premium the law offers for wifely weakness, treachery and worthlessness." Lieutenant Commander Rodney has fine skill in words. His description of the sort of woman he believes his wife to be is most graphic. His epigrams on alimony are gems in their way. His summarization of her malefic charms, in the phrase "a beautiful devil," is superb. But his love for her must be peculiar, when he lets loose such a torrent of denunciation upon her head. He loves her to the line of alimony, but no further. He could not love her, dear, so much, loved he not money more. His reply to his wife's petition illustrates beautifully the high naval code that we have heard so much about. It shows the naval veteran's command of language that has been so fatal to some of his brethren of late. It also shows that the naval man should be restrained by main strength whenever he comes within reaching distance of pen, ink and paper and that he should be thrown down and gagged whenever an interviewer heaves in sight.



Trouble In the Trusts

DIFFERENCES are reported between Magnate Morgan and Magnate Schwab of the Steel Trust. The reports may be false, but such differences will voice among the magnates in all Trusts before long. Two many ex-leaders of vast enterprises are now playing second or third or fourth fiddle in the various big combinations and they think they see where things that they managed differently are now running wrong. It is not in nature for men of activity to sit around and have no hand in doing things that they know how to do. We hear rumors of disagreements between Rockefeller and Morgan. There is talk of dissension in the Tobacco Trust. The men who used to be directing things are getting dissatisfied with those who have succeeded or eclipsed them and the dissatisfaction is soon to spread. We read that Charles M. Hays retires from the Southern Pacific management because Mr. Harriman curtails his authority. So the men of action now suppressed by the men of money are all becoming discontented and are looking for chances to act by and for themselves once more. It is inevitable that the men of money now in alliance will want to try conclusions with one another. The consolidation

idea now in force is too repressive and suppressive to hold long with men of vigorous mind. They'll soon be tired of crushing little fellows and will try to "do up" one another. There are too many strong men forced into irksome retirement under present conditions and there must come an outbreak of those who consider themselves limited by others not any better than they. Jealousy, envy, ambition, are the vices that flourish among millionaires as among other people, and, besides, the American likes to be a boss and have full and free play for his own individuality. The temporary paralysis of opposition by the daring of men like Morgan, Rockefeller, Harriman and others will pass away and the men they have hitherto awed into a sort of submission will assert themselves vigorously. In these considerations will be found more danger to the Trusts than in all proposed legislation. The Trusts, even now, are not a happy family.



Hon. Lobster Davis

THE Honorable Lobster Davis emerges from obscurity as intending to realign himself with the Republican party. He is now worth more money than before he went to the Transvaal and came back to make his pro-Boer flop. There was an ugly story that he was paid Boer money to make the flop, but it was strenuously denied by the eloquent Lobster. He wrote a book on the Boer war which he says he sold outright for \$180,000, but since that announcement little has been heard from or of the book. The Honorable Lobster Davis is a "human warious" all to himself and any party he may belong to will play him coppered. He is a mouthing mountebank of the most pronounced sort, has been in all the parties, dallied with all the "isms" and everlasting advertised the Honorable Lobster Davis.



Greek Letters at World's Fair

THERE ought to be a Greek Letter Fraternity House at the World's Fair. If by such a project the hustlers who compose those fraternities could be interested in the Fair, it would be as big and as far-reaching a boom as the enterprise could get. The wearers of "the old 'Frat' pin" in this city should be organized to push this idea among their colleagues throughout the country, and we may be sure that it would take shape in an exhibit that would be among the most attractive of the whole great show. If we want whoopers-up, here's the way to get 'em.



A Democratic Trick

THE Post-Dispatch of this city deserves hearty approval for showing up the fake that lurks in the great Democratic hullabaloo over the fact that the Democratic State Administration had heavily increased the taxation of the St. Louis Street Railways. The Post-Dispatch shows that while all property in St. Louis, except the property assessed by the State Board of Equalization, or otherwise specially favored, is assessed at 70 per cent. of its actual value, the property of steam and street railways and bridges, and telegraph lines, consisting, not only of tangible property, but of franchises and special privileges of enormous value, is taxed at 33½ per cent. And this is the performance with which the State gang expect to fool the farmers and others. This is one of the ways in which the State gang smashes monopoly and makes it bear a fair share of the tax burdens. It is just like every other performance of the alleged corporation-busting Democracy in this State—done with a Dockery wink and the tongue in the cheek, to fool the people and stand in with the corporations that contribute to the campaign funds. Missourians are the worst-fooled people in this country. The Missouri Democratic gang is always doing conjure tricks before the people. The tricks are exposed, the lies are shown up, the deceits are pointed out, the contempt of the gang for the people's intelligence is made plain. But what of it all? Missourians remain mostly Democratic. The gang could steal the State treasury, rob the penitentiary, the insane and other asylums, loot the school funds, do anything nefarious or contemptible, and still the Democrats would vote for the same old gang on the strength of its flubdub plea for "the grand old Democratic

The Mirror

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party." The people in this State tolerate politics of the "practical" sort in the highest courts. They will stand for anything, however vilely tricky, if it is labeled Democratic. It makes one wonder whether Missouri Democrats ever think.

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At Pekin

THE Chinese Court will shortly move back to Pekin. When the Court sees what the Allied Powers have done in the way of looting it will be most profoundly impressed with the fact that the said Allied Powers always go to war "for all there is in it." This may possibly make the Court chary of encouraging any more insurrections of Boxers against Foreign Devils, but it will not make the Court readier to accept the fact that Christianity's creed contains a command, "Thou shalt not steal." Christian civilization got a more grawsome black-eye than China got, in the late unpleasantness at Pekin.

* * *

Civil Service Reform

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM is getting along better than some people think. To hear some of the Civil Service Reformers one would imagine that the movement is being steadily strangled by the politicians, National, State and municipal. The seventeenth annual report of the Civil Service Commission, just issued, shows a fine progress of the merit system of appointment to the civil service. Although a large number of appointees were taken out of the civil service classification by President McKinley, the year ending June 30, 1900, showed a greater number of appointments made under the system than ever before in a similar length of time. This number was 9,889, out of a total number of 34,437 applicants who had successfully taken the examinations. The number examined had been 46,763. Of those chosen 98 per cent were given absolute appointments at the end of their probationary terms, indicating that the examinations are quite reliable in determining the fitness of the applicants. It is estimated that the efficiency secured by the civil service system is now saving the Federal government at least ten million dollars per annum. Such a showing, surely, is not a matter to grow pessimistic over. The report of the Commission, indeed, is full of hope. The movement is a success and the laws relating to the operation of the reform are so good that the Commission has only few and comparatively unimportant changes to recommend. There are some evasions of the law in offices dominated by extremely practical politicians, but, for the most part, the chiefs of offices approve of the system as a great relief to them from the importunities of spoils-men and the bad work of the men appointed through "pull." The Municipal Civil Service Reform league, which has a harder task before it, also reports progress even in such wicked places as New York, Chicago and San Francisco. The movement gathers strength because it is a common sense movement. Everybody believes that work should be done by those best fitted to do it. Even the spoilsman put at the head of a department doesn't want to surround himself with a lot of dummies and duffers, and becomes inclined to the reform in order to hide his own possible deficiencies. The progress of the merit system in cities is slow, chiefly because aldermen have to be placated by appointments for their henchmen, but even here we find the aldermen applying principally for places that might as well be filled from their friends as from any other class almost, the minor places not calling for the exercise of higher intelligence. The responsible places go to capable men, even if selected for political reasons. Civil Service Reform is moving along nicely, thank you.

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Kubelik

The new musical wonder is named Kubelik—Jan Kubelik, and he is to be brought to this country, at an enormous figure, to play the violin. He has all kinds of hair, of course. He has soulful eyes and a face not handsome but interesting. The ladies, we are told, will adore

him. They'll adore anything that lets its hair grow long enough, has soulful eyes and an interesting face, for ladies don't adore art. They adore artists or heroes, and they can make an artist or a hero out of any old slob that happens along. Kubelik might have provided himself with a prettier name, for the one he now wears sounds like curdled milk sloshing around in a pitcher, but Kubelik sounds Polish, and the most Polish Pole knocks the persimmon in music. Mr. Kubelik will, probably, get all our money, but then he will be entitled to it, for his press agent has already got all the musical maniacs talking Kubelik, Kubelik till you can't rest.

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The Dockery Boom

THE Dockery boom for President remains still "a little noiseless noise among the leaves" of the esteemed New York Sun, "a sound so faint that nothing lives twixt it and silence," fainter than one of Dockery's own unwunk winks, as thin as the difference in sound between dockery and Dockery. The Dockery boom for President is an hallucination of an hallucinant who knows he is hallucinated and is glad of it. Dockery is Governor of Missouri, and even Missouri realizes his smallness as his chief qualification, in that it enables him to hide himself in small holes that would seem spacious to the ten-thousandth subdivision of an atom. The Dockery boom, forsooth! The New York Sun is too imaginative entirely. Pretty soon it will be discovering "the fourth dimension."

* * *

Our Rapid Transit.

ST. LOUIS certainly has rapid transit—to the Happy Hunting Grounds—for all those who do not look out for the motorman. The slaughtering of innocents is something frightful. Of course we ought to get used to it, and probably those who are killed do so, but the danger is ever hanging over us all. You are not sure that the motorman will not project his car upon you if you're standing on the sidewalk, or follow you up your own front stoop, or even up a telegraph pole, if you can climb. The Transit Company doesn't seem to worry about the death it distributes so freely. It hopes to get everyone to stepping lively enough to have a chance of escape and thus make the motorman enjoy the sport the more when he brings someone down. And it's remarkable that no stockholders in the company are killed by the cars—or by indignant citizens.

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Cervera's Cup

THOSE folks in New York state who want to send a loving-cup to Admiral Cervera, man well, but they don't know. There's no reason for the gift. It would, probably, embarrass the Spanish officer to receive such a token from the people who thrashed him. There's such a thing as rubbing it in on the man you've downed by being effusively and laborously kind to him. It would be well to let the loving-cup presentation lapse where it now stands. Cervera acted like a gentleman under distressing circumstances, and that's all, even if it be enough. People who are gentlemanly enough to act like gentlemen do not expect reward for doing so.

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The Doom of Protection

THOSE Republican papers that are making so much noise over the threatened, general European warfare against American products are doing better work than they are aware against the protective tariff. They are giving prominence to the fact that European resentment against our tariff is cutting down the market for American-made goods. If this cutting down continue, it is only a question of time until the American workingman, supposed to be the tariff's main beneficiary, will be thrown out of work, for goods will not be manufactured when there is no market for them. Protection, therefore, means to the workingman high prices for everything he must consume and less work to earn the money to pay those prices. The workingman will see the false pretense of protection after awhile. The more prosperous citizens are beginning to see it in the

atrocities to which they are subjected, upon return from Europe, at the customs offices. Everybody is beginning to see that protection is a conspiracy of the few against the many.

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Sonnets To A Wife

ELSEWHERE is printed an authoritative review, and a valuable one, because not overdone in appreciation, of "Sonnets To A Wife," by Ernest McGaffey. This review is one of many such, given in the best critical columns of this country's press, and they prove that there has been issued from St. Louis, in the year 1901, one of the most distinguished, sustained, delicate poetical utterances that American literature has known for many years. The edition, modestly put forth in June, has sold exceedingly well in almost every State in the Union, and is now so close to exhaustion that the first edition is being held by some dealers at a premium. There are, however, a few copies remaining at this office, though scarcely enough to endanger the speculation of those holding the books at a premium, that are obtainable at the regular price. The book has been a great success in real literature, and it will be selling steadily among cultured people when all the instantaneous million-circulation books, of which we now hear so much, are forgotten. Strange to say, that of the entire edition, now almost completely sold, one hundred were disposed of outside of St. Louis and Missouri to one sold in either this commonwealth or its chief municipality or both. What this last fact may prove is left to the ratiocination of the reader of these lines.

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Vest's Successor

THE Chicago Tribune asks: "Is Missouri quite sure it has any Democratic statesmen that can wear Senator Vest's toga without padding, when he finally lays it aside?" The Kansas City Star answers: "Missouri is not wholly sure that it will be a Democratic statesman who will be called upon to fit himself to Senator Vest's toga." And the latter paper hits the nail on the head. Senator Vest is not yet retired. He may remain a candidate long enough to throw his influence to another man, David R. Francis, with whom and the present Governor Senator Vest is very friendly. Ex-Governor Stone will be a candidate. Ex-Governor Stephens will not. H. Sam Priest is in the field, powerfully backed by the capitalistic forces that formerly backed Stone and Stephens. There will be a merry scramble for the place. There is much Democratic disaffection and the Republicans are directing special efforts to capture the legislature, with some chances of success, owing to the prospects of a split in many close counties and Representative and Senatorial districts. So good an authority as ex-Governor Stephens believes that the Republicans have a chance to carry the Legislature and elect a Senator. Senator Vest, himself, is not any too sanguine of the Democracy of his successor in the Rich Man's Club at Washington. The Republicans are in better fighting shape than ever before. They have the State thoroughly organized and they have the opposition fairly rattled with various charges of incompetence and vicious legislation. Vest's successor may be a Republican, and his name may be Richard C. Kerens, of Missouri, New York, Washington, West Virginia, Utah, California and some other places.

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Our Friend the Sultan.

OUR old friend, the Sultan of Turkey, is beginning to stir up Europe once more. He has sent some troops over the Bulgarian frontier, and Bulgaria protests against the action, with an intimation that Russia backs up the protest. As a fight would practically admit Russia to a foothold in Turkey, it can be understood that the other Powers are disconcerted by the seemingly unimportant incident of two companies of Turkish troops crossing in an imaginary line. The Sultan knows that the Powers will not let anyone Power dominate his territory. If he can keep them in that frame of mind by an occasional little act that will

stir them up, he will be able to hold his job for a long time and make all the Powers continue to support him just to keep one Power out of Turkey. The Sultan of Turkey hasn't received the credit he deserves as a fine politician. He knows how to make the weakest nation in Europe keep the stronger nations from his throat, and he always acts at the right time. At present he sees that the Chinese trouble and the Boer trouble are pretty nearly over and so he plays his little game to keep the Powers apart and undecided as to what to do with him and his country.

Uncle Fuller.

* * *

"GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE!"

"Si vieillesse pouvait!—"

SCENE.—A Small neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair sits a white-haired old Gentleman.

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS.

BABETTE.

M. VIEUXBOIS (turning querulously.)

D AY of my life! Where can she get? Babette! I say! Babette!—Babette!

BABETTE (entering hurriedly.)

Coming, M'sieu'! If M'sieu' speaks So loud, he won't be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Where have you been?

BABETTE.

Why M'sieu' knows:—

April! . . . Ville-d'Avray! . . . Ma'am'selle Rose!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Ah! I am old,—and I forget.

Was the place growing green, Babette?

BABETTE.

But of a greenness!—yes, M'sieu'! And then the sky so blue!—so blue! And when I dropped my immo'telle, How the birds sang!

(Lifting her apron to her eyes.)

This poor Ma'am'selle!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You're a good girl, Babette, but she,— She was an Angel, verily. Sometimes I think I see her yet Stand smiling by the cabinet; And once, I know, she peeped and laughed Betwixt the curtains . . .

Where's the draught?

(She gives him a cup.)

Now I shall sleep, I think, Babette;— Sing me your Norman Chansonnette.

BABETTE (sings.)

"Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead,)
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed;—
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the Head."

M. VIEUXBOIS (drowsily.)

"She was an Angel" . . . "Once she laughed" . . . What, was I dreaming?

Where's the draught?

BABETTE (showing the empty cup.)

The draught, M'sieu'?

M. VIEUXBOIS.

How I forget!

I am so old! But sing, Babette!

BABETTE (sings.)

"One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow;

The Mirror

One was the Wife that died
Long,—long ago;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know?"

M. VIEUXBOIS (murmuring.)

Ah, Paul! . . . old Paul! . . . Eulalie too!
And Rose . . . And O! "the sky so blue!"

BABETTE (sings.)

"One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my Father's face;
One was a Child;
All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled!"

(He is asleep!)

M. VIEUXBOIS (almost inaudibly.)

"How I forget!"

"I am so old!" . . . "Good-night, Babette!"

From Austin Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain."

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SOME GOOD SONNETS.

From the New York Times' Saturday Review, August 10, 1901.

IT is not at all easy to explain the nature of a successful sonnet. There is something subtle in the essence of this form, yet it is by no means difficult to recognize a good sonnet. These are indeed few, for the sonnet is the most inexorable form of poetry. To put into the unalterable arrangement of the fourteen lines a thought that shall justify its expression in this form and justify the form at the same time is not given to every one who has a faculty in other verse patterns. If the occasional sonneteer succeeds rarely, he who sets out to write a series of sonnets, addressed to one person and following one line of experience, will certainly make failures.

Of course, the reader will at once recall the wonderful "Sonnets from the Portuguese" of Mrs. Browning, but this series stands to-day as the single successful example of its kind. Petrarch's sonnets to his beloved Laura were not written in a formal series, and it must be recollected that he did not confine himself to this one form in praising his adored one. Shakespeare's sonnets were also written apparently without direct connection. So it must be admitted that when Mr. Ernest McGaffey wrote "Sonnets To A Wife," he undertook no light task. In a volume containing more than three score sonnets, all addressed to one person, even though that person be a wife for whom the writer cherishes a beautiful love, there are sure to be some pretty poor specimens. Mr. McGaffey has undertaken to touch upon every phase and exfoliation of his adoration, with all its corollaries, and of course, he has fallen into some deep pitfalls.

But if his valleys are profound, his mountains are correspondingly lofty. We are not acquainted with other work of this author, who, we fancy, has made himself known through the columns of the newspapers of this city. We do not know how large or how long has been his training in the molding of English into the highest forms of expression. It seems fair to judge from his work that he has had less experience as a poet than as a lover. He has been bent on making known the depth and the breadth of his passion rather than on mastering all the technic of verse. But he has occasionally found perfect expression for some tender and beautiful thoughts, and he has, therefore, written some sonnets which deserve to live. Here is one entitled "Recollections":

To conjure up old memories; to say
"Do you remember that in such a June
An orchard oriole sang to us a tune
Melodiously from out a branching spray
Of leafy denseness; or on such a day
We saw the silver spectre of the moon
Long after dawn and nearing unto noon,
A merest wraith of sickle gaunt and gray?"

These are love's echoes faintly heard and fine,
But ever present, never dim nor mute,
That you and I in comradeship do share;

Sweet symphonies that breathe a sense divine,
Like misty chords that linger by a lute,
Though all the silver strings are shattered there.

In the book the word "to" is omitted from the third line, but Mr. McGaffey's ear is so true that we are sure that he never wrote the line without the word, and consequently have supplied it. The man who wrote that sonnet is a genuine poet, no matter if he failed with some of the others. And there are other sonnets quite as good as "Recollections", while happy lines and luminous phrases are sown prodigally through the handsomely printed pages. This little volume will be a dear companion to all who know the loveliness of love, to all who can appreciate the voicing of the best emotions that come to a man's heart. Women will find joy in its pages, for they set forth the kind of worship for which every woman craves. It may be that Mr. McGaffey will not again find inspiration to move his muse to such fine songs, but he may rest happy in the assurance that by these sonnets—at least those which show him at his best—he has earned a right to be classed among the most sincere and tender of our recent singers.

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GILBERT PARKER'S GREAT ATTEMPT

HIS LATEST NOVEL, "THE RIGHT OF WAY."

PROBABLY no recent serial has attracted more interest than Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," which was concluded in the August Harper's. It has been read with deep interest by a class not inclined to read serials serially, and has compelled admiration and liberal praise. The first half of the novel promised a great work, probably the greatest recent novel from the pen of an American writer, if we may continue to claim Mr. Parker as an American.

Finished, we are compelled to rate "The Right of Way" in the first rank, but not singular in power and merit. Since Mr. Parker's "Valmond" it has been hoped that he would produce a novel of more power and sweep that might lift him to supremacy. He has displayed great talent and literary charm. "Valmond" assured him standing and fame. It is a charming bit of exquisite work. It lacks what we have always felt Mr. Parker able to supply—power, a firmer grasp upon the motives of life. None of his subsequent books has seemed to exceed it in this quality, and none has equalled it in human interest and literary finish. "The Right of Way" gave promise of justifying our belief and realizing our hopes. In a sense it did so, but not completely. We get a sense of incompleteness.

There are evidences of careful study, patient elaboration and lucid exposition of the motif. The story soars aloft to a high plane, and is sustained there through an installment, then slumps to the level of hack-work and the author appears to have no better inspiration than a desire to fill space. He appears also to have lost his grip on the plot, and at the last to have deserted it, seemingly hoping that his readers would regard the chaotic ending to be artistic and so excuse and accept it. Since Charley Steele must die, there is no moral to his life except that the drunkard courts utter ruin in his cups. The sin, or fault, of drink was a minor sin among those brought into the story, yet it was the only one punished. The dastard who ruined Steele's life was never exposed, even to himself, and never punished. The woman for whose sake Steele became a self-obliterated hero never knew what he did for her, and her life of involuntary sin was atoned through his death before she knew she sinned. All the villainy flourished and all the goodness suffered. The noble qualities of Steele were cultivated and purified and revealed only to be blotted out in an unknown grave.

And all this comes about, the critical reader feels, because the author weakly tumbled his plot into the inartistic finale through sheer weariness or dislike for further striving with it. There is no sense of artistic purpose. It seems that Charley Steele was killed to get well rid of him and the perplexing problem of his life. His death left the smug villains and the commonplace folk to end their careers in peace, and was a confession that there is no hope for the drunkard and that the grave is the proper goal for

The Mirror

7

a brave and true spirit that is plagued by a wayward sense of power and tempted to conceal itself behind a mask of cynicism. It is pitiful and not courageous nor artistic.

Mr. Parker has drawn a startlingly vivid portrait of *Charley Steele* and a charming one of *Rosalie*. His other figures are lay figures, vague and unreal and nearly purposeless. *Kathleen* is never more than a name, the good curé, *Portugais*, the seigneur, are supers whose presence on the stage is rarely for interpretation, nearly always for foils. Yet the story is a remarkably strong work. It is always intensely dramatic; it marches before one's comprehension in a series of clear and vivid pictures. The reader has not to imagine the setting of the stage—it is there, and the characters play their parts amid scenes etched upon the reader's consciousness. The setting for the story is all real—Chaudiere, the court-room, the tailor-shop, the church, the post-office, the mountain hut, the terrible river, the carousing place, the home of *Kathleen*—but the people are all shadows except *Charley Steele*; even *Rosalie Eavantrel* is but a sentiment projected from *Charley's* blazing, passionate, frozen contradiction of manhood, a personified necessity.

Why *Charley Steele*? Must drink always kill? Is there no saving grace in penance, in love, in exalted living, in conquering, in subduing, in the following of the noblest? Is it the legitimate aim of literature to expunge power from the earth in order to give mediocrity and cold meanness the right of way? This book shows the power of evil, how it may dominate nobility and how it may pursue its triumph to the grave. Is it so, or can we see, in the vague and almost senile surrender of *Charley Steele* to the pleadings of the curé, that the reward for all, as the atonement for all, was the yielding, on the grave's verge, of the keen, true intellect to the demand and benediction of religion? If *Steele* won immortal peace at the last, and after such a struggle and at such a cost, his life may be explained, and the story may be practically redeemed. But we are left in doubt. *Charley Steele* did not give a sure sign. He allowed the cure, to tell the people, the devout peasants who had loved him, that he would "come to the bosom of the church." "Tell them so," *Charley* said. What did he mean? That he had found rest in the bosom of the church, or that he was willing to have the simple habitats of Chaudiere believe that he had, for their own comfort?

Mr. Parker has left much for us to guess, and has caused us to be feverishly anxious to guess. We go with *Charley Steele* to the verge of the grave, trembling for him, sorrowing with his humble friends, ready to weep that such a fine soul must leave the earth baffled and half-born; and we shudder to hear the dying man exhaust his last fluttering breath in the daring, cynical greeting to Death: "I—beg—your—pardon! Have—I—ever—been—introduced—to you?"

George French.

THE LOTUS-FLOWERS.

DIM, golden lilies of that outer space
Where lonely stretches of waste waters are,
More than a woman gifted with the grace
Of perfect languor; nothing now shall mar
Your Naiad forms slow-bending to the streams,
Your petals steeped in unreturning dreams.

Mayhap, at times, the darting dragon-fly
Will skim and poise above your cool retreat,
The wily mink may through the reeds go by,
Stirring the rushes with his padded feet,
But you, fair ghosts of lightest aureate gleams,
Stand locked in trance of long-forgotten dreams.

The breath of Nile is in your rare perfume,
And Cleopatra in your beauty waits;
Youth shines forever in your saffron bloom,
Oh! subtlest of the blossoms of the Fates;
Kissed by the suns, and watched by starry beams
The tall, pale flowers of Pan's remotest dreams.

Ernest McGaffey.

BOOKS ABOUT BOSSSES.

POLITICAL FICTION AND BIOGRAPHY.

No sadder instance than that of Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has lately been found in support of what Mr. Herbert Paul has finely termed "the rage for biography which struggles with gambling for possession of the human mind." When Mr. Lewis lived in Kansas City he was able to create fiction that tended to spice life. His "Dan Quin" is inestimably more memorable than his Croker. The one is Western fiction, the other is Eastern fact. Lewis' writings about the American cowboy may have been touched by humorous exaggeration, but they were picturesque, entertaining, and not utterly without value as documents. His book about an American boss is a farrago of personal advertisement. The case of Mr. Lewis, then, is eloquent in support of the ancient axiom on the superiority of fact over fiction. But even if it were not possible to cite Mr. Lewis, one may argue the matter by another example. Here is a young Philadelphian who has written a book called "J. Devlin—Boss." What one's opinion of boss rule may be is one matter; it may strike one as a most malign blight upon the American body politic; such a belief can have suffered no change by reason of the unwieldy and inartistic story of Croker's life from the Lewis pen. But "J. Devlin—Boss" reminds one that the Boss is, after all, a man; that he has sentiments, softnesses—in fine, the humanities like the rest of us. Though I am quite mindful of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's only really great novel, "The Honorable Peter Stirling," I do not think the rise and progress of the actual boss in our municipal politics has been more vividly, more appealingly portrayed than it is in "J. Devlin—Boss." All over the country, in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in San Francisco, there are civic conditions and corruptions closely on a par with those of that period in Philadelphia politics described in this book. *Jimmy Devlin* simply takes political life as he finds it. He does a great many things that our ethics tell us are base; but he fights with the weapons that are the fashion in his arena, and he is, outside that arena, a most lovable fellow. He has a few of the greater virtues that should atone for many things; he never deserts a friend, and he never breaks his word. Perhaps the author makes us love his hero a bit too much. Perhaps it takes rather a nice conscience to lay the proper stress on the iniquities of this Boss, in view of the stress the author has placed on his gentlenesses. Yet I do not believe "J. Devlin—Boss" would be a bad book to put into the hands of the young man who has something other than a superficial wish to know the upper and under currents of modern municipal politics. The lesson of the book, after all, sets the humanities above the iniquities. The home-stretch, to use racing parlance, was pathetically futile for this Boss.

Mr. Francis Churchill Williams, the man who wrote "J. Devlin—Boss," is still a young man. He has time to be something other than a Philadelphian, if he should so choose. It is curious to note how the early chapters of his book recall "Gallegher," also a Philadelphia story. What is there about newspaper life in the Quaker City that leads to such good fiction about its office boys? Mr. Williams has written a book that, with such matter as Mr. Josiah Flynt's "The World of Graft" has to be taken into account by all who like to know how we are really governed. Nothing that Mr. Flynt has alleged and recorded concerning the league between the lawbreakers and the police is anything more than any observing citizen can ferret out for himself, even if the newspapers had not their periods of revealing such criminal conspiracies between the gamblers and the police as New York appears the headquarters of. "J. Devlin—Boss" touches on that time when the Water Works were the chief scandal of Philadelphia. The career of its hero, or its villain, as you may choose to consider him, can be duplicated, in essentials, in any metropolis on the continent. The American boss—the Tweed, the Shepard, or the Croker—to whose address such a book as "J. Devlin—

Boss" could be written as fact rather than fiction—would be vastly fortunate; it might prove his chance for fame rather than notoriety.

There are other bosses in our life than political. A pleasant picture of the railroad boss is Mr. Vaughan Kester's "The Manager of the B. & A.". The railroad here shown is a small spur in a Western State. The life of the little town depending on this railroad is admirably done, with humor, and with affection. Occasionally the author lets his strain for the appearance of cleverness run away with his taste, as in his description of the town drunkard's highest ordeal, but in the main, the book is thoroughly enjoyable, full of pleasant folk, pleasantly pictured. A small town in the Michigan lumber region is the one described. But it might be a small town in almost any State of the Middle West. There are similarities to the method of "The Gentleman from Indiana." But this is by no means a blot. There is no superfluity of railroad technics. There is a love interest, and tragedy and—the boss himself.

Percival Pollard.

THE VELVET MASK.

FACTS ABOUT AN HISTORIC MYTH.

I T would ill become a mere foreigner, and an ignorant foreigner, to hint at a defect in the development of the United States. But perhaps I may put an idea in the form of a question. Are the records of your national past not a little deficient in mystery? I may be imperfectly informed, but I think that your historical writers generally know who everybody was, what became of everybody, and, roughly speaking, what everybody did. To the scientific historian (a dull dog) this condition of knowledge is satisfactory. But the general public has long regarded history as Stephenson regarded rivers. "The purpose of rivers," he said, "is to feed navigable canals." And the purpose of history is to supply materials for historical novels, which are later put on the stage.

Now, American history (as far as I know it) has not mystery enough for a really exciting romance. Nobody of the highest importance ever vanished away, disappeared; nobody except a certain regicide, and he was of English importation. The amiable and beautiful wife of none of your Presidents was ever accused of plotting, with an admiral of your fleet, to blow up the President in the White House, the question of her guilt remaining deliciously obscure. Not one of your Presidents after fighting his way to within a lance's length of a hostile general, ever vanished away, leaving public opinion uncertain as to whether he had gone, literally, to Jericho, or been put down a well. No occupant of the White House ever had two nephews who disappeared from the State prison, nor did any sane citizen ever turn up who claimed to be one of these missing children. Finally, your republic never kept a captive in a black velvet mask, concerning whom it was disputed whether he was a European diplomatist, a valet, a royal duke, a distinguished actor, a member of the Bonaparte family, a high class Irish patriot, or the rightful President, whose place was being occupied by an impostor.

The chronicles of Europe, especially of France, Scotland and England, are rich in this kind of Rembrandtlike effects. We have plenty of chiaroscuro, especially of oscuro, and you have little, if any, of this element. Hawthorne felt the want; he had to invent his own mysteries. All your many historical novelists feel the want. Miss Runkle has to come to France for her effects, which are not subject to duty at the Custom House.

These reflections naturally occur to the mind after reading Mr. Tighe Hopkins' new book, "The Man in the Iron Mask." That name was only a fable; the mask was of velvet, not iron. It is really "as interesting as a novel," nay, more so. Mr. Hopkins thinks that he, or, rather, the French authors on whom he relies, have solved the problem. The Man in the Iron Mask was Count Hercule Antoine Mattioli, born 1640, a professor at Bologna, secretary of the Duke of Mantua, who, after betraying Louis XIV and the Duke was certainly shut up in a French prison, in 1679. We never hear his name in State papers after 1693, and the Man in the Iron Mask died, at the Bastile, in 1703. Now this is no new discovery. In 1801 a citizen named Roux Fazillac published a tiny book to prove this very case.

The Mirror

That was exactly a century ago. Roux was a regicide and was banished at the restoration of Louis XVIII, after Waterloo. Says Roux in his tract: "I have settled the question; no book on this topic will ever again be written." Mistaken Roux! About seventy books, not to speak of plays, novels, pamphlets, articles and memoirs in biographical dictionaries, have since been published on the problem which he had solved a hundred years ago. The latest book of all, that of Mr. Tighe Hopkins, comes back to Roux, and decides that Mattioli is the Man in the Iron Mask. But Roux, in 1801, was in advance of Mr. Hopkins, in 1901. Roux says, practically, that the Man in the Iron Mask is not one man, but several single gentlemen rolled into one. Mr. Hopkins does not seem to see this fact, for a fact it is. While his claimant, Mattioli, was still free and guiltless, and, again, after he was in prison, the stories concerning the Man in the Iron Mask were being told about somebody else—about another prisoner. As early as 1669 (and Mattioli was kidnapped in 1679,) that other mysterious prisoner was looked on as no less than a marshal of France. In 1687, when Mattioli was languishing in a dungeon in Piedmont, and was known to be there (the fact was published in a book of 1682,) this other somebody was a captive in the castle of the Ste. Marguerite Islands, in the pretty bay of Cannes. People now said that he was a son of Oliver Cromwell, or was the Royal Duc de Beaufort, who mysteriously vanished for over five weeks before this somebody was first put in prison (June 25-July 12, 1669.) This wonderful somebody was also said to have written his secret with a knife on a silver plate, which he threw out of a window; and with a pen on a laced shirt, which he tossed into the sea. He did not do so, but the things were really done (the plate being only pewter) by an imprisoned Protestant preacher, in the same fortress. All this occurred while Mattioli lay, and was well known to be lying, in his dungeon far away, in Piedmont.

Here, then, are the best known elements in the story of the Man in the Iron Mask, and they were first told, not about Mattioli, but about the other somebody. Therefore, even if Mattioli was brought from Piedmont to the island in the bay of Cannes, even if he did not die there (as there is fairly good reason for thinking that he did), even if he was taken, in a mask, to the Bastille in 1698 (as somebody certainly was), even if he died there, masked, in 1703, still the other somebody was good for seven-eighths of the story of the Man in the Iron Mask. He, not Mattioli, was taken for a marshal, a son of Cromwell, a Duke of Royal, though illegitimate, birth. He, not Mattioli, was in the island prison when the incidents of the writing on the plate, and the writing on the shirt, occurred in the prison-castle on the little, sunny island. As everybody was interested in him, the stories of the plate and shirt were attributed to him, not to Mattioli, who was not there! Consequently the regicide, Roux, was right in 1801, when he said that the Mask story was a compound of tales told about various persons. And, in 1901, Mr. Tighe Hopkins, and other authors, are wrong when they omit this circumstance.

Now it is plain, and Roux Fazillac said so (as also does the learned M. Funck Brentano), that the masked man who died in 1703, at the Bastille, was either Mattioli, or my mysterious somebody. We have reason to believe that Mattioli, in 1694 was taken to the island prison where my mysterious somebody lay. But there is a strong presumption, though not a certainty, that Mattioli died there within a month of his arrival. In any case, a person always called "the other prisoner" was taken out of the island, masked, to the Bastille, in 1698, where he expired in 1703.

Was this person Mattioli or my somebody, the prisoner supposed to be the Duc de Beaufort? If Mattioli died in 1694, the man cannot be Mattioli. Now pray observe this fact; no scholar of the many who work in the Archives has ever found any record of the death of my somebody. The deaths of other prisoners in the island fortress are chronicled. His is never mentioned, or, at least, no scholar has published the discovery. Of course, if he lived till 1698, and was then carried to the Bastille, we have the record of his decease there in 1703. Now, till assurance of his death at the island is discovered, my somebody has a very fair claim to be the Man in the Iron Mask.

An objection is made; my somebody captured in 1669, was only a valet. He appears to have been mixed up in a plot, perhaps that of Roux de Marsily, a Protestant executed in June, 1669. At all events, he knew something which

must never be known to others, and therefore he was so carefully watched that he was taken for some very great personage. But, being only a valet, he would not, it is urged, be treated with respect at the Bastille, and fed only by the "major," the chief officer as regarded prisoners.

To this I reply that, when first caught, my valet received his food only at the hands of the famous Saint Mars, later Governor of the Bastille. Again, the Masked Man was not, otherwise, treated with respect. Entering the Bastille in 1698, in 1701 he was ousted from his chamber which was given to a female fortune teller. He now shared the room of a valet, a disreputable scoundrel of nineteen. Valet with valet; it is more probable than Count and diplomatist (Mattioli) chumming with a valet.

When he died, the Man in the Iron Mask was registered in the parish register, as Marchialy, or Marchioly—I really cannot say which, after consulting *fac-simile* of the auto-graph register. Marchioly may readily be Mattioli, wrongly spelled. But prisoners were often buried under false names. So there the matter stands; the Man in the Iron Mask was either Mattioli, or the most mysterious lackey of whom history holds record. What had the man done? What did he know? In any case, he supplied seven-eighths of the legend of the Man in the Iron Mask.

Andrew Lang, in the *Independent*.

MALTHUS AND HIS THEORY.

IT IS NOT APPLICABLE TO CIVILIZED NATIONS.

ABOUT a century ago, Robert Malthus, an English clergyman, promulgated the theory that poverty is to be ascribed to an excess of population, that is to say, to "the constant tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the nourishment prepared for it." Malthus created quite a sensation at the time, but the theory found a good many adherents, especially as the author had made a close study of the subject during years of extensive traveling, and adduced many facts to prove his statements. In the course of time, however, the Malthus theory found able opponents. Socialistic authorities were particularly vehement in the denunciation of the new doctrine in political economy. It may be proper to point out that Malthus published his famous work as a refutation of the theories of an eighteenth century socialist, by the name of Godwin. Attacks from this quarter did not receive much attention, but, in the last few years, more determined and more authoritative opposition asserted itself, and facts and data have since been brought to light which tend to weaken the Malthusian theory very materially, or give it an entirely different aspect.

One of the leading modern iconoclasts is Professor Julius Wolf, of Breslau, Germany. In a recently published article, he proves, by statistical figures, that the productivity of cultivated land in Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary and Roumania, increased very slowly in the last century, while, on the other hand, various more or less ascertainable causes have led to a reduction in the percentage of births. This reduction has been frequently referred to, in the last thirty years, but has always been disregarded as something that could not be proved, or for which no logical reasons could be assigned.

Wolf undertakes to prove his assertion. He starts out with the remark that Malthus adopted the idea of Benjamin Franklin, which was, that, if all other nations could be exterminated, the earth would, in a few generations, be once more populated by one remaining nation, for instance, by Englishmen. Malthus fully endorsed the words of Franklin, for he states somewhere in his work that if the germs of life could develop themselves at liberty, in the course of a few thousand years millions of worlds could be filled with people.

This, says Wolf, is correct, so far as savages or half-civilized people are concerned. The theory of Malthus is inapplicable to highly civilized nations. The German economist then cites statistical figures to prove the decrease in mortality, based on a general average of a thousand individuals over the age of one year. The rate in Germany, from 1871 to 1880, was 17.3; in Austria, 22.2, in Switzerland 18.0, in England 16.6, and in France 19.7. From 1891 to 1895, the rates, for the respective countries, were as follows: Germany, 16.5; Austria, 19.1; Switzerland, 16.2; England, 14.5, and France 18.8.

At the same time, there has been a corresponding, and,

in some cases, rather marked, decrease in the birth-rate. Taking the same average of 1,000, the birth-rate in Germany, from 1871 to 1875, was 39.0; in Austria, 39.5; in Switzerland, 30.3; in England, 34.1, and in France 25.5. From 1891 to 1895, the figures are as follows: Germany, 36.3; Austria, 37.5; Switzerland, 28.2; England, 29.6, and France, 22.6. The same decline in the birth-rate is reported from the remaining European countries. This fact is the more astonishing on account of the simultaneous reduction in the rate of mortality, and increase in the production of foodstuffs, as a result of greater productiveness of soil.

The decline in the birth-rate is likewise reported from some non-European countries, especially Australia. In 1861 the Australian birth rate, per 1,000 people, was 41; in 1881 it had dropped to 36; and in 1899 to 26. This gives a decrease within a period of 38 years, of 40 per cent, certainly a very respectable figure. It must, of course, be borne in mind that Australia, like the United States, was settled by Europeans, members of highly civilized communities. Wolf gives no figures applicable to this country. He seems to be disposed to attribute the decrease in the number of births, not to physical degeneration, but to a desire on the part of parents to limit the number of their children to their means of supporting them. The German authority does not believe in the pessimistic utterances about the physical and moral decay of the French people, or in the deleterious influences of a high degree of civilization.

Wolf ends his article with the following deductions:

The theory of Malthus applies only to savages and half-civilized people.

It cannot be applied to civilized, or what he calls "matured," nations.

Malthus considered his a natural law. It is not a natural law.

It is a fixed law for people incapable of development, and only a temporary law in the evolution of developing, rising nations.

Francis A. Huter.

THE PREMIERE DANSEUSE.

A RIVALRY OF ARTISTES AT DOG-RIB.

THREE were seven dance halls in Dog-Rib the first season it became known to fame as a gold producer, and Razzle Dazzle Dodo was the *premiere danseuse* of the Temple of Terpsichore, or, as the glittering sign over the entrance had it, "The Tempel of Terpsicore." The Rev. Peter Stuyvesant Cook, known as "Pulpit Pete" since his fall from grace to the dens of Dog-Rib, had strenuously opposed this spelling and consequent pronunciation, but when a committee of prominent citizens waited on him to announce that Dog-Rib peremptorily refused to use four syllables in pronouncing any word that could be more satisfactorily handled with three; and that, furthermore, be it resolved that it was un-American to allow any foreign nation "to shove its style of spelling in on free-born citizens of this great and glorious republic," he had wisely withdrawn his opposition and had drowned his orthographic and orthoepic sorrows in several flowing bowls. So the sign went up according to the dictates of the conscience of Dog-Rib, and within a month Razzle Dazzle Dodo had tripped on fairy feet to the throne of the temple, and was its undisputed queen. Other dancers there were in the temple, and others still in the other halls of the town, but Razzle Dazzle Dodo reigned supreme on the stage and on the bill-boards, exacting tribute from friend and foe, and booming the business of the temple.

Who she had been, what mother she had, what father, what brothers, or sisters, or husbands, did not concern Dog-Rib, for Dog-Rib measured merit by success, and she had that to the limit. She was a woman beyond the sunshine of her twenties, still girlish and graceful through all her years of dissipation, and fair to the eyes of those whose ideas of feminine beauty coincided with those of the bard of Dog-Rib, who had written a poem to her in crimson ink, the first stanza of which was as follows:

"Here's a health to the red, red rose
That blows
In the cheeks of our goddess fair;
And a glass
To the mass
Of yellow gold
That gleams in her glorious hair."

The Mirror

9

In more prosaic language, Dodo was of the less-refined type of beauty, as gauged by cultured standards, and her manner and speech were in harmonious unison with her personal appearance. It was known that she was a product of the West—the untamed and flocculent West—and Dog-Rib honored her accordingly, as had other mining-towns where Dodo shone resplendent before Dog-Rib's prominence, and they had bestowed upon her the incandescent title by which she was then known; for when she began her saltatorial march to conquest she had modestly entered her name on the roster as "Dorothy Kelly."

As might have been expected of an idol so generally worshiped, there were individuals who held closer relationship to the divinity, and who might be classed as her hierarchy; and as might further be expected, these priests must have a chief priest, and in this instance he was a gambler, who called himself Jack Hazard. Whether that was his real name, or one acquired by reason of the character of his profession, was not definitely known, and Mr. Hazard was not a communicative person. It was undoubtedly, however, that he easily stood first in the good graces of Dodo, and when he was in hard luck, a condition not infrequently known to all members of the fraternity of chance, it was Dodo who provided him with funds, and helped him hold his head up when he had laid his hands down unsuccessfully.

"You are a canary bird, you are," the manager of the temple said to her one day when she had asked for fifty dollars advance salary.

"Why? Because I am such a good singer?" she twittered.

"Aw, come off," responded the disapproving manager. "It's because the cat has got you."

"What do you mean?" she flushed angrily.

"Hazard. He's eatin' you, bones and feathers," said the manager brutally, and yet meaning well enough.

"Well, it's none of your business," she retorted, "and if you don't like it, I'll quit your place. See?"

"Sh—so, boss," soothed the manager, fearing he might lose his star. "You great artists are as quick as powder to go off at a touch. You can do what you please with your money, but it makes me dead sore to see you wastin' it on a bleeder that don't care any more for you than he does for Dutch Kate, or Susan the Slipper, or the Duchess, or any other of the half a dozen more I could tell you of. Put that in your cigarette and inhale it," and the manager handed her over the fifty and watched to see the effect of his good advice.

Dodo took the money and went out of the office without a word. She knew the manager was right; she knew the chief priest of the idol had become idol, and she was but a mere priestess, with the hope, as every such priestess has, that she might become chief, if not so already.

But with the fifty dollars Dodo's spirits rose, and she went to the gambler with a song on her lips.

"Good old Jack," she said to him—she called him old, although he was not yet forty—"it's a cold day when Dodo is froze out," and she twirled the bills before his eyes, pirouetting about him meanwhile.

"Fifty to one on Dodo," laughed the gambler, admiringly. "She's a winner every time."

"If I could only win you, Jack," she whispered, coming close to him, her whole manner changing.

"And you have for sure, Dodo," he said, putting his arms around her after he had safely deposited the money in his vest-pocket.

"Lee said you didn't care for me any more than you did for a dozen other women."

"Oh, did he? Well, do you know why?"

"Just because he likes to lie and tease me, Jack? Is that it?"

"Not all, Dodo."

"Is he telling the truth, Jack?" She looked up at him as she held fast to him.

"Of course not," laughed Hazard, kissing her. "He wants you himself, Dodo. He's dead gone on you."

Dodo laughed, but not all in derision. The pride of conquest lives in every woman's heart, and her unsought victories please her in her greater triumphs, as they soothe her in her moments of defeat.

"That's what he's gettin' up that song-and-dance carnival for," Hazard went on. "He wants to give you a chance to clean out the town and show you up as the greatest dancer that ever come this way. Some of these

other dance-hall duffers think they've got prize-trippers, but Lee's going to let them see they ain't in sight, and you'll be the Nugget of the Gulch and the Temple will be No. 1. Discovery. Then he's going to ask you to marry him and he's got a notion you will. I'm on to his rockers and don't you forget it."

"I wouldn't marry a thing like him to save his life," Dodo said hotly, as she clung to Hazard, fearful that he might think she could be persuaded away from him.

"Cert, you wouldn't," assented the gambler; "but he don't know that."

"Well, I'll win his five hundred plunks and show him what I think of him," Dodo laughed, and danced across the floor in a flutter of excitement and defiance.

This carnival of song-and-dance at the Temple was advertised to be the greatest social and artistic event Dog Rib had ever known. It was not only the talk of the town, but its fame had extended abroad, and the artists from all the neighboring camps had notified Manager Lee they would enter the lists, while his Dog Rib rivals were making every exertion to secure talent to represent their establishments, and, if possible, gain for them and their business all that triumph at such an event would mean.

Two days before the carnival Dog Rib experienced a sensation in dance-hall circles. A new dancer arrived and had appeared at the Palace of Pure Gold with immediate and pronounced success. The proprietor of the Palace of Pure Gold had imported her for the express purpose of winning the grand prize at the carnival, and he did not hesitate to state verbally and on his glaring bill-boards that he had sent to San Francisco for her, where she had given up an engagement of a thousand dollars a week to compete at the Dog Rib carnival. The Palace of Pure Gold, was, after the Temple, the most gorgeous and popular resort in Dog Rib, and its manager had already exchanged shots with the manager of the Temple, but friends had intervened to prevent further hostilities.

The name of the new arrival, as it appeared on the bill-boards of the Palace, was La Deda, which Dog Rib had at once corrupted by placing the accent on the last syllable, and the dancer was given a high place in the favor of the "Palace Plugs," as Manager Lee politely designated the patrons of his rival. Others felt the influence of the marvelous stories told of the wonderful skill of La Deda, and the betting, which had been five to one on Dodo, fell off to four to one, and the manager of the Palace had been reported as offering even money on his entry, but he could not be found to verify the rumor by those who had money to risk.

The fifty dollars Dodo had so gleefully brought to Hazard had been promptly dropped by that gentleman, and ugly tales were in circulation concerning certain tricks of his which are always fatal to the good repute of those of his calling, and when Dodo asked Manager Lee for another fifty, before its predecessor was scarcely cold, he had manifested his displeasure and hearty disapproval by cutting her request in two. Hazard had not spoken kindly to Dodo when she reported a raise of only twenty-five dollars, but half a loaf was better than no biscuit at all, and he had gone off angry, but taking with him Dodo's twenty-five dollars.

"You shall have more, Jack," she said to him, pleadingly, "when I collar the prize at the carnival. Think of it, old boy. Five hundred good hard plunks. Why, you can buck the whole shooting match with that."

"Wait till you get it," he growled. "The Lah-de-dah may be my banker this time next week."

There was a mean smile on his face, and the tears came to Dodo's eyes, but she could not let him go with an angry word on her lips, and she did not reply to his taunt.

That night Mr. Hazard was caught in the act, and when the morning sun rose over Dog Rib, flooding the narrow valley with an effulgence of purple and amethyst, there was a crape on his door. It was Dodo who had put it there, and it was Dodo who had had him taken to his room after the smoke had cleared away and the play had been decorously resumed. Otherwise it is barely possible the street-sweepers would have found his remains obstructing the highway, for Dog Rib was no respecter of persons of his ilk.

The carnival was to occur that evening, and there was no time for funerals, so the Hazard obsequies, which were to be very simple for obvious reasons, were postponed until the following day. Dodo was the only mourner, but she did not permit her grief to interfere with business.

"I'll swipe that five hundred or fracture a limb," she

said softly to herself, "and good old Jack shall have the grandest funeral this town ever saw, bar none."

During the afternoon she went around to the quarters of the deceased, and as she entered the place the proprietor of the boarding-house told her there was a lady in Mr. Hazard's room, and hastened to explain that he had let her in "seein' that friends of the fam'ly had been respectively invited to attend, and she said she was a friend."

Dodo hurried into the room, fearing something, she knew not what, and jealous even of the dead. Possibly the visitor was Dutch Kate, or Susan the Slipper, or some one of the others of whom the manager had spoken, and the thought of it sent the blood whirling through her veins. As she opened the door La Deda turned from the coffin to meet her. Dodo knew her from having seen her on the street.

"What are you doing here?" she greeted her, abruptly.

"I beg your pardon," responded the other woman, in a tone of refinement and irony that nettled Dodo, "I had a wild brother in the mines somewhere, and something I had heard led me to think that he might be here."

"Well," asked Dodo, hard and cold, resenting any intrusion, "is he your brother?"

"I am glad to say he is not."

"Then get out of here, and get quick. I'm tending to this funeral myself." Dodo was clinching her hands and patting her foot in the effort to suppress an outbreak.

"Oh," sneered La Deda, showing not the slightest intention of accepting the invitation so directly given, "by what right, may I ask, do you assume so much?"

"Who's got a better right?" she answered, defiantly. "I'm the only friend he had."

"Merely a friend?" queried Le Deda, with cutting scorn.

Dodo was not prepared for a struggle of this kind. She could talk with any of them when she was angry, but sorrow overmastered anger in the presence of the dead, and her eyes moistened.

"I—I—I loved him," she said, slowly with quivering lips.

The other woman's manner changed a little.

"Was he your husband?" she asked.

"No, but he would have been after the carnival. He promised to marry me then."

"Oh, did he?" and La Deda grew scornful again. "Well, he was my husband, and had been for more than ten years."

Dodo looked straight into her face for an instant.

"You are a liar!" she exclaimed, starting fiercely toward her.

"I think not," said La Deda, with a smile, extending a package of papers. "Read what is there."

The woman was so firm and calm that Dodo could only obey, and she took the papers and opened them with nervous fingers. One was a certificate of marriage dated a dozen years back; the other was a letter, not a month old, from the gambler asking his "dear wife" for money. She knew the writing too well to deny that the letter was from Hazard, and she handed the package back to its rightful possessor in silence. La Deda tore both certificate and letter into pieces and tossed them aside.

"They are of no further value," she said, with a harsh laugh. "The present takes the place of the past, and the question now is, what are you going to do about it?" nodding toward the coffin.

Dodo gathered herself together. There were tears in her voice, but the presence of the other woman gave her strength. She stepped over to the side of the coffin and laid her hand on the still hands folded across the lifeless breast.

"I'm going to win that dance to-night," she said, "and blow every d—d cent of the prize money on the biggest funeral for good old Jack that this town ever went to. That's what."

It was like a piece of acting, and La Deda involuntarily clapped her hands. The tears came to her eyes, such tears as women weep at plays, perhaps, but they were tears that softened the hard lines in the woman's face.

"Razzle, Dazzle," she said, "you're all right. A man may destroy the faith and love of his wife, but it's different with his sweetheart. Good-by; I'm going back to Frisco on the stage that leaves here at six o'clock this evening."

W. J. Lampton, in the Argonaut.

SUMMER SHOWS.

AT THE DELMAR.

Only a few weeks more of opera at Delmar Garden. The management and members of the company seem to be united in an effort to make the public regret that the season is about to close. The most popular operas and the best performances of the summer are being given during the closing weeks.

Herbert's "Wizard of the Nile" was put on in splendid style Sunday night. The costuming and mounting partook of the nature of a new production; the cast could not have been better had it been "picked." The chorus outdid itself.

"The Wizard" should have been written for Frank Moulan instead of Frank Daniels. Moulan, by reason of nature's gifts and acquired tricks, is the better comedian, and the role of *Kibosh* fits him more perfectly than it does the man for whom it was made. His every movement is suggestive of the wizard's "trade." His gestures are those of the prestidigitator, he manipulates with bewildering rapidity his feet and his face; his attitudinizing pictures the fakir to the life. No player is more successful in expressing audacity than is this young comedian. And he is always a comedian—never a clown. In "the Wizard" he is practically the star, and in "Princess Bonnie" he has, as *Shrimps*, equally good opportunities along different lines.

But the work of the entire company is so good that it seems unfair to single out the comedian, even though he is the principal part. Every member, great and small, of the aggregation at the Delmar may be relied on to give a satisfactory performance of the part to which he or she is assigned. The company, as it now stands, forms one of the best light opera organizations before the public and certainly by far the best ever engaged in summer work in St. Louis.

Berri is singing divinely, and her *Cleopatra* is a lovely creature, while vocally and dramatically her *Bonnie* should be a memorable performance.

Agnes Paul is not in the best of voice this week, but her grace of manner and her beauty of face and figure more than compensate for lack of vocal strength.

Blanche Chapman, the invincible, is in the pink of condition and at her best as the Queen *Simoona* and in the two roles she assumes in "Princess Bonnie."

Harold Gordon has made himself a prime favorite with the public. His voice has been in fine shape throughout the summer and his singing of a quality most unusual in light opera. This young tenor has been the surprise of the season. He came here almost entirely unknown and little was expected of him, but young Gordon, during his three months stay in St. Louis, has amply demonstrated that he is a very valuable operatic singer. His voice is of fine compass and remarkably even, from the lowest to the highest tones. The quality is beautiful, soft, round, rich and vibrant, and the ease of tone production is evidence that this fine organ has had excellent training. Power the young tenor has in plenty and his tone travels with telling effect the almost appalling length of the pavilion. Then, too, Gordon sings with style and taste, and his pleasing personality adds to the general charm of his work.

Then there is the conscientious Clark, the indefatigable Martin and the nimble Morgan, to say nothing of the chorus.

The Mirror

This chorus is one of the best features of the company. There are no "crows" or "battle-axes" among the girls. On the contrary, they are all pretty, all young looking, most of them have good voices and some of them are exceptionally clever.

Olive Vail and Flossie Chapman have been graduated with honors from the ranks during the present summer. Olive is a dainty little lady with "a flower-like face," a sympathetic soprano voice and some histrionic talent. Little Flossie is a pretty, pert miss of some sixteen summers, with unlimited pluck and an acting talent of a high order. She took Agnes Paul's place as *Pedro* in "Girofle-Giroflea," at a few hours' notice, and never missed an "if" "and" or "but."

And all these pleasant people say "good-bye" in a short while, unless Manager Southwell sees fit to transfer them to Music Hall.

AT THE HIGHLANDS.

In two of the acts at Forest Park Highlands, this week, there is a bewildering frou-frou of skirts, display of trim ankles, and the most delightful dancing. "The Beaux and Belles," the famous octette, which figured in "Florodora," the biggest of New York successes last season, and still running, is the headliner of the olio. The act is one of the most graceful and refined ever seen on the vaudeville stage. The songs are the catchy tunes from "Florodora," and the costuming is elegant. The little English "Ponies" are still favorites at the Highlands, where they are in their second week. Somebody compared them to sweet peas in their dainty lavender frocks and white lingerie and pronounced their dancing the acme of grace. The four Merrells have added plenty of comedy to their marvelous bicycle riding, which makes out of a merely showy, skilled act one of the many laughable incidents. The same may be said for the Nelson Comiques, whose "Fun at the Zoo" appeals to the risibles of old and young.

The sand picturing and shadowgraphy of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Darrow is artistic and presents many novelties. Next week's big card will be "The Girl with the Auburn Hair," whose picturesque and refined specialty is still the rage on the vaudeville stage. The Beaux and Belles will be retained, and other good, new acts added to the programme.

AT THE SUBURBAN.

The performance at the Suburban, this week, is up to the usual high standard. Kitamura's Imperial Japanese troupe, the head-liners, perform wonderful tricks. Their turn is quite a novel one. The Bison City Quartet render their melodies very effectively and receive numerous encores. Sharp and Flatt are as clever as ever. Their witty sayings combined with their musical offerings are well received. O'Brien and Havel, newsboy and soubrette, do a neat turn. Hal Davis and Company, in their new sketch, "One Christmas Eve," Arras and Alice, European novelty artists, and two or three other acts complete the exceptionally good programme. The management promises equally as entertaining a bill for next week.

OPENING OF THE ODEON SEASON.

The Banda Rossa, a widely heralded, imported brass band, opens the season at the Odéon on September 23, giving two performances daily during the week.

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The Mirror

II

SOCIETY.

McLennan & Jaccards, Broadway and Locust. Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Pallen will be in the East until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Stolle and their son are at Charlevoix, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. George Niedringhaus are at the St. Clair Flats, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Brewster Smith, are making a circuitous Eastern tour.

Miss Ella Cochran is at Magnolia, Mass., guest at the Kennard Cottage.

Miss Edith Dustin will remain at Grand Haven, Mich., until fall.

Mrs. P. J. O'Brien is summering at Alpine Heights, with her children.

Mrs. Matt Wolfe and her two sons will pass some time at Lake Minnetonka.

Mr. and Mrs. William Marshall Magill have gone to St. Clair Springs, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Cornet, and their family have gone to South Haven, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Teasdale and family, returned last week from Charlevoix.

Miss Clara Bain will shortly visit, at Douglas, Mich., Dr. and Mrs. John Delaney.

Mrs. H. F. Niedringhaus is at Piasa Chautauqua, the guest of Mrs. Richmond.

Miss Katharine O'Hearn has returned from a visit to friends in Eureka Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Billon have left Grosse Ile, Mich., for a trip to the Atlantic Coast.

Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison, of Lindell boulevard, has gone on a tour of the Northern Lakes.

Miss Mattie Block has told her friends of her approaching marriage to Mr. Henry Weisels.

Mrs. Alexander De Menil, accompanied by her little son, has gone to St. Clair Springs, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth W. Cobb sailed this week for Europe, accompanied by Miss Josephine Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Plummer and Miss Rebecca Plummer are among the Thousand Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Allen are at Buffalo, whence they will go to Old Point Comfort and New York.

Mrs. H. M. Noel is at Portland Harbor, Maine, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Helen Noel.

Mrs. S. S. Bass, of 439 Forest Park boulevard, accompanied by her four children, has gone to Toronto, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Augustine and family, accompanied by Miss Bertha Wegener, are at Petoskey, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Will J. Sprague, of Sedalia, Mo., have returned from a Western tour, and are visiting friends in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Aglar and the Misses Slattery are among the visitors at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, West Va.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, of Lindell boulevard, is entertaining his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hennessy, of Southern California.

Mrs. Henry Fisher, of the South Side, accompanied by her sister, Miss Agnes Conroy, and Mrs. Thomas Howlett, have returned from Burlington, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Armstrong, of Delmar boulevard, and Miss Adele Armstrong, have left Atlantic City, for the Green Brier White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

Mrs. Silas B. Jones recently returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Jere L. Crook, of Jackson, Tennessee, is at Harbor Beach, Michigan, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Dannold, of 4055 Page boulevard, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ruth Dannold, to Mr. Julian Gibson. The wedding will take place October 9th.

Mrs. Samuel Gaylord is summering at Grosse Ile, Michigan, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Peterson. Mrs. Peterson's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Rexford, of Chicago, are also of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Southwell have taken a house at 4035 Delmar boulevard. They are entertaining their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Southwell, of Philadelphia, for a fortnight.

Mrs. E. Dorsheimer and Miss Ella Dorsheimer, have left Detroit for Chicago, where Mrs. Dorsheimer is under the care of a physician. They will return to St. Louis soon, and will be joined by Mrs. Dorsheimer's other daughter, Mrs. Theodore Wurmer, who is at Grosse Ile, Michigan, with her niece, Miss Marguerite Wurmer.

Mrs. James Green, of Washington boulevard, has been traveling abroad since the marriage of her daughter in the spring, and has lately been taken ill in Hamburg, where Mr. Green has been

cabled to join her. He departed early last week, accompanied by Mrs. Green's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Duke Thompson.

Among the guests at the hop given by the Anisquam Yacht Club, after the ending of the yacht races, last Saturday evening, were: Mr. and Mrs. Taussig, the Misses Taussig and Messrs. J. Clarence and Garfield Taussig. Mrs. O'Reilly and son, Archer, Mrs. and Miss Dillon, Miss Mary Kennard, Mrs. J. W. Allison, Miss Allison and Dr. Nathaniel Allison.

Doctor and Mrs. Charles E. Michel, of Washington boulevard, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Celeste Michel, to Dr. J. Philip Von Phul. Miss Michel and her fiancé are just back from Cincinnati, Ohio, where they were guests at a house party given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michel. Mrs. Michel was formerly Miss Marie Von Phul, of St. Louis. Miss Michel served as maid of honor for the bride.

One of the recent fashionable events, at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, West Va., was a German given by Mrs. McClain, of Louisville, Ky., in honor of Miss Alice Castleman, her guest. Miss Castleman visited in St. Louis last winter, and was a great favorite during her stay. Among the guests were a large number of St. Louisans, among whom were Major and Mrs. Goddard, Miss Ethel Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Aglar, and Misses Mary, Susan and Ruth Slattery, and Judge and Mrs. Henry L. Edmonds.

Announcement was made, last week, of the engagement of Miss Grace Clarkson and Mr. Lawrence Harper Funk, of Bloomington, Ill. Miss Clarkson is the daughter of Mr. J. L. Clarkson, and is as popular in Louisville as here. Seven bridesmaids will attend Miss Clarkson at her wedding, September 4th. They will be Misses Caroline Newman, Josephine Thrailkill and May Allen, all of St. Louis, and Misses Helen Funk, of Bloomington, a sister of the groom, Julia Hodge, of Bloomington, Louise Stacy, of Richmond, Va., and Marie Bassett, of Paris, Mo. The groomsmen are to be Messrs. Russell Clarkson and James Morris, of Farmington, Mo., Carl Palmer, of Danville, Ill., Louis Eddy of Chicago, Julius Funk, of Bloomington, Illinois, and Walter McBee, and Will Evans, of Louisville, Kentucky. Miss Clarkson left last Saturday evening for Louisville, Kentucky, where the wedding will take place at the home of her sister, Mrs. Augustine Ewing McBee. Miss Bassett, of Paris, Missouri, one of the bridesmaids elect, accompanied her.

* * *

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* * *

TEMPTING PROVIDENCE.

"No, thanks," said the sad faced man when he was asked to join a convivial party. "The fact is, I don't drink. Found I couldn't afford it, so I swore off. A number of years ago I lived in the West. I was doing well, and had a bank account that I was proud of. Seeing a chance to double my money, I decided to draw it out. The day was a warm one, and becoming thirsty I stopped to take a glass of something cool. I didn't waste more than five minutes, and was soon in the line at the paying teller's window. The party ahead of me received his money, and I was shoving my check through the window when the teller pulled it down and announced that the bank had suspended payment. I believe that the receiver declared a dividend a year or so later, but the amount was so small that I never bothered to collect mine. It was a pretty expensive drink for me."

"Do I understand, sah," said a Kentuckian who was present, "that you took that drink alone?"

"Certainly."

"It was the judgment of heaven, sah," remarked the Kentuckian solemnly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

On BROADWAY, Cor. Locust St.

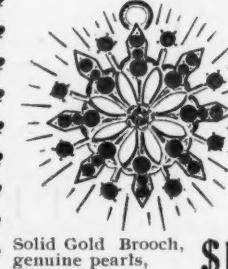
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Bracelets	\$5.00 to \$350	Hair Pins	\$1.50 to \$150
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DECLINE OF PHthisis.

Mortality statistics collected in different countries seem to concur in giving evidence of a steady reduction in the number of deaths from consumption during the past half century. It may be plausibly suspected that the whole of the apparent gain is not real and that greater exactitude of diagnosis and a more precise use of the term "phthisis pulmonalis" may explain away some of it. Still, we may thankfully believe that a large part is real. We obtain support in that conclusion by the general impression formed by intelligent old people, who, almost without exception, assure us they hear and see far less of "consumption" now than they did in the days of their youth. It is of great interest to determine the influences which have been at work in bringing about this result. It may be said at once that attention to the now so fashionable doctrine of contagion has had no material share in it, since, until the last few years, no sort of precautions on that score had been taken. It is possible, but perhaps not very probable, that the inspection of butchers' meat may have been influential in some slight degree. By far the most probable hypothesis is that the gain has accrued from the improvement in the general prosperity of the race which the nineteenth century has witnessed. During it mankind were, on the whole, prosperous, and in most civilized countries the houses, the clothing and, above all, the food of the community were improved.

clusively vegetable than it formerly was. The clothes are better and the houses are better. In spite of the fact that the age has witnessed the influx of population into cities and large towns and a partial abandonment of the country, the facilities for locomotion and the cultivation by both sexes of athletics and outdoor pursuits have probably secured without diminution the advantages of fresh air. As regards the use of alcoholic beverages, the age has witnessed vast improvement. While there has been no diminution in the quantity taken, it has been spread over a greater number. Excess has become disgraceful and is far less common than it was, while what may be called the dietetic use has been maintained. Thus, then, we seem to have come to the conclusion that the reduction in the prevalence of tuberculosis has been due to improvement in general stamina and advancement in the arts of civilized life.—London Polyclinic.

* * *

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* * *

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After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

WORLD'S FAIR TAX DODGERS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

From a list compiled recently, containing the names and addresses of 86 of the directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, with the amount each is assessed on his real estate and personal property holdings in this city, I have made some, to me at least, very interesting deductions. To-wit:

Total assessment real estate \$5,591,450
Total assessment personal 818,860

Grand Total \$6,410,310
-------------	-------------------

That 23 do not own any real estate. That 6 do not own anything, real or personal. That \$1,112,390 is the highest total assessment and \$200 the lowest.

That \$251,000 is the highest personal property assessment and \$50 the lowest.

That \$800,000 is the highest real estate holding, the next about \$700,000; three others about \$400,000 each, and twelve others ranging from \$100,000 to \$300,000; the remainder from \$750 up.

That the 80 taxpayers in the board pay on an average amount of about \$80,000.

That the total amount they will pay this year will be \$121,795.89.

That the largest bill will be for \$20,945.41 the lowest \$3.80, except of course the six who are too poor or too good at scheming to pay anything. It also shows that a very prominent newspaper publisher pays on a real estate assessment of about \$75,000, lives in an elegant home on one of our prominent boulevards, says that its furnishings, and all of his other personal property is worth less than \$350.

That 12 are assessed \$10,000 or over on personal property; 9 others have \$5,000 or over. 29 less than \$2,000; 14 less than \$1,000; 8 less than \$500.

The two badly coached gentlemen, who have been made to bear the brunt of the injunction suit, may not be *tax-payers* and yet be less of *tax-dodgers*, than the six directors who pay *none*, or than many of the 51 who pay on less than \$2,000 worth of personal property.

You are at liberty to use this information in any manner you see fit. It is from the public records—and in the main accurate.

I have the list—alphabetically arranged—and will be pleased to loan it to you if you care to make use of it.

I think your weekly criticism on World's Fair matters is having the desired effect.

Have heard a great deal of favorable comment.

Sincerely

F. M. W.

St. Louis, Aug. 20th, 1901.

* * *

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

* * *

At the Grand Avenue Park, this week, the Garden Minstrels are holding forth. The largest crowds of the year have attended this week's show. Several high-class vaudeville acts are on the bill, which include Block and Beneke, Musical Monarchs, Katie O'Brien, the little favorite, the Commercial Comedy Four, and the Borgetts, song illustrators, and others.

* * *

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The Mirror

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"Hello," said the lawyer, in a muffled voice. "This is a lineman testing the wire. Kindly stand one foot in front of the receiver and say hello."

"Maggie obeyed."

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"Maggie complied."

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The Mirror

THE THEATRICAL OUTLOOK

William Winter, dean of American dramatic critics, discourses as follows in the New York *Tribune* on the opening of the theatrical season in the metropolis:

"The existent conditions, at the beginning of the new dramatic season, are not auspicious. The actors of the period, with few exceptions, are persons of commonplace talent; the standard of public taste is low; and the stage is, for the most part, in bad hands. These facts are disagreeable, but they are facts, and it would be foolish to ignore them. Sputtering proclamations are made, on every hand, as to the purposes and plans of theatrical managers, but these manifestoes of mercantile activity have, thus far, served only to reveal, or rather to emphasize, the weakness of the theatre and the dullness of its prospects. Brilliant features, indeed, will become visible, but the number of them will be few and the continuance of them brief. Henry Irving as Coriolanus and in a round of parts, Ellen Terry as Mme. Sans-Gene, Richard Mansfield as Beaucaire, Mrs. Fiske as the Magdalen, Miss Marlowe as Juliet, James A. Stoddart as Lachlan Campbell, in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," E. S. Willard in his old repertory, Mr. Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, Edward Morgan in melodrama, Mme. Modjeska in tragedy and Ada Rehan in comedy—these and a few revivals, such as "A Royal Family," Miss Crosman's "Nell Gwyn," etc., are the principal of promised joys. The rest is experiment and mediocrity. It is gravely stated, for example, that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will present herself as Romeo, in association with Miss Maude Adams as Juliet, and that Mr. William Gillette will emerge as Hamlet; while Mr. Faversham and Mr. Hackett will come forth as Don Caesar de Bazan, heading a long procession of utility performers who, in this period of commercialism, "fill a pit"—and boxes—"as well as better." The general outlook would be ludicrous if it were not sad.

Henry Irving's season in New York will begin on October 21 and will end on November 9, so that the greatest of living actors is to be used as a stop-gap. Miss Adams, whose performance of Juliet was absurd beyond expression and tedious beyond endurance, can not speak blank verse well and Bernhardt cannot speak it at all; yet these performers (if the statement be not a mere dodge of the vulgar advertiser) are to co-operate in the desecration of one of the greatest of poetic tragedies. Miss Adams, furthermore, is to exhibit herself as Rosalind, in "As You Like It;" but happily this spectacle will be reserved for the exclusive edification of that highly intellectual class of spectators denominated "matinee girls." Mr. Gillette as Hamlet cannot be much worse than Mr. Sothern was, in a serious point of view, and possibly he may prove to be comic. The afflicted Dane has been shown in many shapes, ranging from the corpulent Salvini to the flimsy Bernhardt, but he has not hitherto been disclosed as a steel rail or a parlor-match. It was once thought that an imaginative mind, a temperament of tremulous sensibility and a melodious voice are among the qualifications indispensable to an actor of Hamlet; but time changes, and theories change with times. In the days of Forrest, the Booths, the Wallacks, Murdock, Vandenhoff, Coulcock, McCullough, Stark, Barrett, Gilbert, Mathews and Miss Cushman, such players as Mr. Faversham, Mr. Gillette, Mr. Hackett and Mr. Miller would have been considered "walking gentlemen;" now they

themselves are stars, and as such they appear to be accepted. Miss Virginia Harned—that amazing Ophelia of last season!—will "star," so will Miss Mary Mannering; and so will Miss Bertha Galland. But the name of these luminaries is legion. Fancy can but conjecture what would become of them if only one such woman were to appear as Charlotte Cushman or as Adelaide Neilson. What says the old poet, Sir Henry Wotton?

"You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light—
You common people of the skies—
What are you when the moon shall rise?"

The experiment in polyglot drama—if that be intended, and it is difficult to believe that any manager, however speculative, would endeavor to foist upon serious attention a Romeo patterning broken English with a French nasal cadence, and that Romeo an elderly woman trying to look like a young man—has several times been tried and has always been a bore. Many years ago, at the Winter garden, "Othello" was performed, with Booth as Iago, speaking English, Davison, as the Moor, speaking German, and Mme. Methua-Scheller, as Desdemona, speaking both tongues after a fashion; but, in that instance, the acting redeemed the lingua jumble, at least to some extent; for Davison was superb as Othello, particularly in the fifth act, and Edwin Booth as Iago gave a performance of that part which has never been equaled, or approached, on our stage. Yet, even so, the mixture of languages was an affliction. Other trials of this sort have followed, implicating the names of Salvini, Clara Morris, Mrs. Bowers, and others, and leaving memories of endurance heavily taxed and of patience well-nigh exhausted. The monitions of experience, however, signify nothing, when opposed to the greed of pecuniary gain, and artistic sensibilities are but little likely to be considered, when dramatic circus tricks can obtain practical approbation. Time will show. It may be frittered English that the town is to enjoy, or it may be the Pow-Wow, of the Tower of Babel. In either case, "this too will pass."

Among the plays that are promised the most attractive are "The Second in Command,"—by Captain Marshall, author of that charming bit of satire "A Royal Family"—to be presented by Mr. Drew; and "Colorado," by Augustus Thomas, now the leading dramatist of America. It is more or less significant that there are to be several revivals of Shakespeare. Henry Irving's repertory, of course, includes "The Merchant of Venice," and this public will see again the best Shylock of the age. Mr. Maclean also kindly plays Shylock, with Miss Odette Tyler as Portia. Creston Clark will act Hamlet; so will Robert Mantell; and so, it is intimated, will Mr. Forbes Robertson; the Dane, at any rate, will not be lonesome. Productions of "The Taming of the Shrew" have been planned by several couples, and it is hoped that Miss Rehan (who is in excellent health, notwithstanding newspaper misrepresentation) will include her incomparable Katherine in her repertory for the new season.

NOT BUILT THAT WAY: *Tess*—"Miss Skrawnay is going to the mountains this year, as usual, I believe." *Jess*—"Yes, I believe she can't bare to go to a watering-place."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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COWARDICE IN THE NAVY.

There have been only two instances in the navy where officers of high rank were court-martialed, charged with cowardice. The first was that of Captain James Barron, whose ship, the *Chesapeake*, was captured March 16, 1807, by the British frigate *Leopard*. Barron was charged with cowardice, found guilty, and sentenced to suspension for five years. Upon his return to the navy after the War of 1812, he sought re-instatement to active duty, but was opposed by Commodore Decatur. The quarrel between the two culminated in a duel March 22, 1820, in which Decatur was killed and Barron severely wounded. Captain Barron remained in the navy, but was never given a ship. The second case was that of Commodore T. Craven, who, on March 24, 1865, while commanding the United States ship *Niagara*, lying in the bay of Coruna, Spain, failed to accept the challenge of the Confederate ironclad, *Stonewall*, on the ground that the odds were too largely in favor of the enemy. A court-martial declared him practically guilty as charged, and sentenced him to suspension from duty on leave pay for two years. Secretary Gideon Welles wrote a letter stinging rebuking the members of the court-martial, and wound up by setting the proceedings aside and relieving Commodore Craven from arrest, the sentence being deemed entirely inadequate as a punishment for an offense for which the articles of the navy may impose the penalty of death.

* * *

COMBATIVE: Uncle Jabez halted before a booth in a mammoth department store and thoughtfully read the sign over the window: "Parcel Room—Umbrellas taken here." Gripping his faded parachute suspiciously, Uncle Jabez edged toward the exit, muttering audibly: "Waal, they won't git mine without ruff an' tumble fight, b'gosh!"—*Ohio State Journal*.

* * *

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The Mirror

THE STOCK MARKET.

The situation in Wall street shows slow but steady improvement. Transactions are not very heavy, as the public is still holding aloof, and waiting for higher prices before resuming buying of old favorites. The professional element remains in the saddle, and is accumulating large lines of long stock for the coming bull movement. The short interest is still extensive, especially in the stock of corn-carrying roads. This, of course, gives the market a good deal of support, for the more sensible bears have arrived at the conclusion that the clock has struck twelve, and that it is time to cover at every favorable opportunity. Little fellows are still selling for short account; they always do this after a bear movement has run its course. A few hard knocks will give them different ideas of the course of values. There is a good deal of manipulation in the present market, but the manipulation is, apparently, at least, in favor of the small-waisted bears. At times, stocks are made to look very weak, to invite selling for both accounts and facilitate bull operations, which are being carried on in the usual unostentatious manner.

As has frequently been said in these columns, strike and crop damage news have been well discounted. The shake-out of timid holders has been complete and prolonged, and the next decided movement in prices will be upwards again. The leading Wall street interests are once more arrayed on the bull side; there are too many financial deals to be carried through to warrant the expectation of another sharp decline in the near future. While there is no logical reason for any big advance in the next few weeks, it is quite plain that stocks will be a purchase from now on, (as they have been in the past few weeks,) on every little setback.

Timid speculators harp upon money market possibilities as precluding buying at the present time. Of course, bank statements, up to the middle of October, will not be very good, but matters of this kind have also been discounted. Besides this, a further decline in sterling exchange will bring us within sight of gold imports. The rate has lately dropped to 4.86½, or considerably below the level maintained at this time last year. Exports are still heavy, especially in wheat, and some foreign financial authorities are already discussing the probability of gold shipments to the United States.

The international trade-balance in our favor is being further augmented by renewed buying of American securities by foreign houses. It is estimated that foreign purchases, last week, amounted to more than 100,000 shares. There is quite a perceptible improvement in speculative markets abroad, particularly in London. The hope is strong that peace will soon reign in South Africa, and that Transvaal gold mines will once more send their monthly contributions to the money markets of Europe. A renewal of gold shipments from the Rand would give a powerful stimulus to European speculative markets, and, indirectly, benefit us also to a very material extent. It is, therefore, no wonder that, in anticipation of pleasing developments of this kind, our European friends are assuming a gay and sportive attitude, and looking upon "Yankee rails" with more benevolent eyes.

Wall street considers the steel strike a big bore. Predictions are abundant that it will end in a total failure, because the public is not in sympathy with the demands of the

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strikers. Public sympathy has always proved a powerful factor in making strikes successful or portentous to corporations. The very magnitude of the troubles presages victory for the trust. For this reason, steel stocks have remained firm and impervious to bear attacks, both preferred and common being from 5 to 7 points above the low level touched when the strike broke out. According to current rumors, there is quite a good short interest in these shares, and it will be interesting to watch the efforts of unfortunate speculators to get out of a bad hole with as small a loss as possible. Morgan understands his business, and will undoubtedly make it exciting and expensive for those who tried to run counter to, or frustrate, his plans. He controls the banks, and has the sinews of speculative war, and don't you forget it.

Chesapeake & Ohio and Norfolk & Western continue to show great strength. The buying in these stocks is regarded as very significant and as emanating from first-class sources. Transactions were quite heavy at times, especially in Norfolk & Western common, which is now selling at almost the highest price it ever touched. Rumors are rife that the Pennsylvania will absorb both roads and guarantee 3 per cent. to stockholders. If these rumors should rest on a solid foundation, both Norfolk & W. common and C. & O. would be cheap at 75. Great things are expected for these companies from the prospective bituminous coal combination.

Louisville & Nashville and Southern Ry. issues have been adversely affected by the Amalgamated Copper enjoys quite a little boost, on further consolidations and absorptions. The Standard Oil clique is pushing things along, and evidently endeavoring to form a big copper and smelter combine. There are reasons to expect a sharp rise in

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Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	103 — 104
Park	" 6	A. O. April 1, 1905	110 — 111
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr 10, 1906	112 1/2 — 113 1/2
Renewal (Gld.)	3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	102 1/2 — 103
"	4	A. O. Apr 10, 1908	104 1/2 — 106
"	3 1/2	J. D. Dec., 1909	104 — 106
"	4	J. J. July 1, 1918	112 — 113
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 — 106
"	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 — 106
"	4	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 — 109
"	4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	107 1/2 — 108 1/2
"	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108 — 110
"	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 — 110
"	3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104 1/2 — 106
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	102 1/2 — 102 1/2
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about.			\$ 18,856,277
Assessment.			\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/2 — 106
Funding	6	F. A. Feb. 1, 1921	102 — 104
" 3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1908	100 — 102	
School	5	A. O. April 1, 1914	102 — 105
" 4	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102 — 103	
" 4 5-20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102 — 105	
" 4 10-20	M. S. Mch 1, 1918	108 — 105	
" 4 15-20	M. S. Mch 1, 1918	104 — 105	
" 4	M. S. Mch 1, 1918	105 — 106	
" 3 1/2	J. J. July 1, 1921	101 — 103	

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 — 80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	100 — 102
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	105 — 105 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	— 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 — 103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	90 — 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s & 10	1904	99 — 101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	104 1/2 — 105
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1919	109 — 110
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115 1/2 — 116
Merch. Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 — 114 1/2
Mo. Electric L. & 6s	1921	117 — 119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s.	1927	94 1/2 — 94 1/4
St. Louis Agr. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 —
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	96 1/2 — 97
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	92 — 94
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	90 — 95
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 1/2 — 104 1/4
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100 — 102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	98 — 101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 — 85

BANK STOCKS.	Par	Last Dividend	Price.
	val.	Per Cent.	
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 8 SA	— 250
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	203 1/2 — 205
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1901 6 SA	265 — 270
Continental	120	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	232 1/2 — 233
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5 1/2 c. SA	254 1/2 —
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	177 1/2 —
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	300
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750 — 800
International	100	June 1901 1/2 qy	145 — 150
Jefferson	100	July 01, 3 1/2 c. SA	165 — 180
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 1 SA	525 — 675
Mechanics' Nat.	100	July 1901, 1 qy	232 — 234
Merch.-Laclede.	100	June 1901, 1/2 qy	230 — 233
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	150 —
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July 1901, 2 1/2 qy	294 — 296 1/2
South Side	100	May 1901, 8 SA	— 128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	July 1901, 8 SA	136 — 140
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8 SA	110 — 115
State National	100	July 1901, 1/2 qy	176 —
Third National	100	July 1901, 1/2 qy	227 — 230

*Quoted 100 for par.

American Smelting & Refining shares in the near future. Of course stocks of this kind are highly speculative, and conservative people will leave them alone.

Manhattan is preparing to take a good jump. The earnings of the company are excellent, and still better results are expected, after the completion of the electrical equipment, or after January 1st next. For the last fiscal year, the surplus shows an increase of over \$400,000. The stock has a bright future. Gould and Sage knew this, and are not willing to sell at anything below 175, according to Wall street talk.

Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Texas & Pacific, Big Four, Nickel Plate, Missouri Pacific, Reading, Erie, Lake Erie and Western and Ontario & Western are safe purchases. Don't fail to pick them up on all declines. They are good things. The pool in Southern Pacific will soon spring a big surprise on Wall street natives.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Bank and Trust Company shares were a little more active in the past week. Third National seemed to be the cynosure of speculative eyes. Rumors of a prospective increase in the dividend from 6 to 8 per cent caused heavy buying, and the stock rose quite sharply. It is now quoted at 233 bid, 234 asked. Bank of Commerce is also higher, and 295 is now bid for it. Continental is scarce and well held at about 232. Missouri trust seems to be neglected; the stock is heavy at 102 1/2 bid. New Mercantile Trust stock is offered at 396, while the old stock may be had at 395. There is a fair inquiry for Commonwealth Trust; 300 is bid for it.

Mining stocks continue dull. Granite is quoted at 1.82 1/2 bid. News from the mines is still encouraging. The stock lacks "snap," and is easily obtainable on every little rise.

Kinloch Telephone 6s are higher, as they should be. The bonds are a good investment, and worth at least 115. They are now 105 bid, 106 asked. Brewing Association 6s are a trifle lower.

Missouri-Edison preferred is weak, with 51 1/2 bid, 55 asked; the common may be bought at 18 1/4. These stocks are unduly neglected.

Transit is selling at 26 1/4, while United Railways preferred is steady at 81 1/4. There is good buying in the preferred. As a 5 per cent dividend payer, it is a tempting purchase to investors.

Bank clearances maintain their high level. There is a liberal demand for money. Foreign exchange is lower; sterling is quoted at 4.87.

One must be hard to please who cannot find a pretty wedding present in the immense collection of silver and art objects now shown at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

After the vapidities of "The Wizard of the Nile" and "Princess Bonnie," which operas are the most recent offering of the Delmar Garden Company, Manager Southwell puts on, during the ensuing eight performances, beginning Sunday evening, August 25, Von Suppe's "Boccaccio." The work has maintained itself as a public favorite these many years. It calls for a large cast, much fine scenery and, above all, an expressive orchestra; and the Delmar mid-summer institution lays undisputed claim to the possession of all of these. On its lyric side, the work abounds in many of the best concerted songs extant and its action presents incidents of the pleasantest humor. The choruses are attractive, dramatically as well as vocally, and in the matter of costumes and other accessories, no work with which it may be compared quite equals this one. An added charm is found in the circumstance that Miss Maude Lillian Berri, for the first time this season, puts on male attire. Her appearance in the part at Music Hall last year was a sensation.

The Hanley-Ravold company, at Koerner's Garden, are drawing large audiences. Lawrence Hanley enacts the role of Hon. George d'Alroy, very effectively and Jack Ravold's interpretation of Eccles is very clever. Miss Kemble, as Esther Eccles is quite charming. The remainder of the company is well cast. Next week Richard Mansfield's great success, "A Parisian Romance," will be presented. Mr. Hanley takes the part of Baron Chevrial in this play, and puts it into some of the finest work he has ever done. In fact Mr. Hanley's work this season, at Koerner's, is astonishingly good in the variety of its cleverness and strength. He grows in his art as he grows in popularity. And the Koerner's company all around, and through, is of almost phenomenal goodness.

The scenic environment of "The Wreck of the Topsy Turvy," which opens at the Standard theatre for a two weeks' run, commencing Sunday evening, August 25, is said to exceed anything in that line ever attempted by any burlesque aggregation. The ship, "Topsy Turvy" enroute to Australia, is wrecked on the Philippine Islands. A large trunk containing theatrical costumes is washed ashore and, clothes being rather scarce, among the ship's passengers, they don these stage attires, surprise the natives and take possession of the island. Astounding incidents follow in bewildering succession. The play is well cast, and is said to have been well received wherever produced.

Thursday, September 5th, there will occur the benefit performance for the more efficient employees at Forest Park Highlands. Chief among the beneficiaries is Mrs. Emily Howard, the Highlands' promoter of profitable publicity, and a lady whose abilities are not a little responsible for much of the pleasure experienced by patrons of the Hopkins-Stuever resort. Bert Young, the pleasant Treasurer, and Charles Hart, Ticket Agent, will share in the benefit, as they have splendidly shared in the labor of amusing the multitude during the season.

The refined version of "Sapho," which is being presented by Maurice Freeman and his clever company at Uhrig's Cave, is drawing well at that popular resort. Mr. Freeman as Jean Gaussen, Nadine Winston in the title role, Hugh Morrison in Uncle Cesare and R. F. Rutledge, as Flaman, do capital work. Next week, beginning at the matinee Sunday, the strong romantic drama "Dixie Land" will be presented. At the band concert in the Garden after each performance the sweet-voiced boy singer, Floyd Hunt, will render a selection of popular Southern melodies.

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The Mirror

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THROUGH CARS ON OLIVE STREET, SUBURBAN AND PAGE AVENUE LINES.

THINGS THAT WOMEN DO.

Mrs. Laura Alderman, of Hurley, S. D., owns the largest apple orchard in the Northwest. It is known all over the country and has been in its present hands for twenty-four years. Recently the Department of Agriculture has honored Mrs. Alderman by publishing a record of her phenomenal success in apple raising.

Clovernook Duck ranch marks the successful struggle of a woman in Chazy, N. Y., near Lake Champlain. Miss Ellen Wheeler was thrown upon her own resources, and, her health failing under the strain of typewriting, she experimented with fancy farming. Each summer she raises by incubation 1,500 ducklings, to supply the hotels in her neighborhood. She also has started a fine bee ranch which is very successful.

A blacksmith's shop with several assistants fell to the lot of Celia Holbrook of Sherborn, Mass., when she was but 17. At her father's death she undertook to run this, and has done so for two years, supporting her mother and a large family. Besides this smithy she has another business, being a mail carrier. Twice a day she takes the United States mail four miles in summer, performing this service on her wheel; in winter, on foot.

The Southeastern Billposter's association of Moultrie, Ga., recently suspended its rules in order to admit a woman, Miss Cora Kimball, an efficient billposter.

Two society leaders and church workers, Mrs. Eames and Miss Sayre, of Mont Clare, Ill., have been made captain and assistant marshal of the fire department. These are not nominal positions—it is no new thing for women to fight fires in Mont Clare, as most of the male population is in Chicago all day.

More women than is generally known are at the head of great manufacturing concerns. Mrs. Bissell, a wealthy and elegant woman, has entire charge of the Bissell Carpet Sweeper factory of Grand Rapids, Mich. It is even rumored that the invention was hers rather than that of her husband, now deceased. Miss Belle McKinnon is superintendent of a big manufacturing plant of Little Falls, N. Y. She employs 1,200 hands, is trained in business, and is especially noted for having amicably settled several disputes which threatened strikes.

A very young woman of Syracuse is paying her way through college by a domestic occupation on a large scale. Even as a child her spare time was spent in fruit canning and jelly-making, and this work she has

Suburban

The Elite Resort of the city.

THIS WEEK

15—KITAMURA'S IMPERIAL

JAPANESE TROUPE--15,

Most Novel Act of the kind in America.

BISON CITY QUARTETTE,

Favorite Comedians and Singers.

HAL DAVIS & CO.,

New Sketch, by Cressy, "One Christmas Eve."

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Newsboy and the Soubrette.

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European Novelty Artists.

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Famous Musical Comedians.

Free Matinee Every Day. Night Prices: 10c
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GRAND AVE. PARK THE CHUTES.

Week of August 18th.

Original Garden Minstrels

and High-Class Vaudeville.

NEXT WEEK,

HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE.

Admission to Park Free.

found more lucrative than undergraduate teaching, in order to secure money for her university expenses.

A railroad passenger agent a woman? Why not? It appears this question never was asked and answered before. Miss Elvira Miller, a Southern writer, has just been engaged as passenger agent upon the Louisville and St. Louis railroad, and it is confidently expected that she will present the "superior attractions" of this railroad in a way to interest women travelers.

Away out in California a woman is president of a railroad. Mrs. John Kidder, of Nevada County, California, is president of the narrow gauge road running from Colfax to Nevada City. Her husband owned much stock, and during his illness she familiarized herself with the business. The widow was elected to the presidency and goes each morning across the street from her elegant home to her office, where she intelligently manages the road.

Women are experimenting with electricity these days. A very practical invention has just been patented by Corinne Dufour, of Savannah, an electric carpet sweeper, said to be a vast improvement upon the old time articles.

* * *

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A Big Production, introducing New Comedians, New Scenery, New Vaudeville
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Finest Summer Opera in the U. S.

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Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Evenings and Saturday Matinee,

The Wizard of the Nile

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings,

The Princess Bonnie

NEXT WEEK

A Great Presentation of Von Suppe's

BOCCACCIO.

KOERNER'S GARDEN

The Play of Plays.

Commencing Sunday, August 25, Grand
Production of Richard Mansfield's
Great Success

The Parisian Romance

BY THE

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Entire Company in Cast.

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Evenings, 8:30. Bargain Matinees, Sunday,
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In the Always Popular Play

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Prices, 25c, 35c and 50c. Bargain Matinees, 25c
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Sunday Matinee August 25—DIXIE LAND

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Every Day—Rain or Shine.

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Plain 4 Ball Set, regular price 69c,

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2 Burner, low, fully guaranteed to burn perfectly, regular price \$2.75,

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Wooden frame, Solid Rubber Rollers, in Wash Wringers, regular price \$2.00,

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